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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE LATE JEROME BONAPARTE.

"MISS PATTERSON'S" HUSBAND.

THE death of Prince Jerome Bonaparte, President of the French Senate, severs the last link between the first and the second French Empires; and we have, accordingly, placed his portrait on record in our columns. At the time of his death he stood alone among "the veterans;" no one then living had seen, enjoyed, and suffered as much as he.

He was born the year after the peace with England, 1784, nearly seventy-six years ago; his native place was that of his brother, Ajaccio, in Corsica. When the family removed to France he was a baby; we hear of him first at a girls' school directed by Madame Campan; next at a military academy; then, when he was fifteen, as a midshipman on board a French man-of-war. His brother had commenced his autocratic career; under his auspices, had young Jerome possessed a fair share of ability, the world would have heard of him before he had attained his majority. Like the Prince of Wales, who commanded a British regiment at the age of sixteen, young Jerome was placed in command of a fine corvette at eighteen, and was bidden by his brother to "die or serve his country." Unhappily for his biographer, the young man had no inclination to do either the one or the other. He sailed to St. Domingo with the ill-fated General Leclerc, and then sailed back again, none the more famous for the voyage. He likewise sailed to the United States, and saved his ship from capture and himself from a long imprisonment by a judicious run into New York Bay. Sailoring, he said, was not his forte—and, so far as the event proved, he certainly was right.

He was more successful in the drawing-room. At Baltimore, just fifty-seven years ago, he met Miss Elizabeth Patterson, a lady who was universally conceded to be the belle of her day. She was beautiful, she was rich, she was highly accomplished, high-minded, and of distinguished family. The young Captain, like many others, fell in love with her: she was equally charmed by her admirer; and without waiting for the consent of any one save the bride's family, the young couple were married by the Bishop of Baltimore, a Carroll. We need not stop here to notice the rashness of the proceeding on the lady's part. Jerome was twenty years and nine days old—a minor, to all intents and purposes. He was, as all who knew him must have detected, a young man of feeble will, and not brilliant intellect. He belonged to a family second to none in the world. The lady, though beautiful and accomplished and good and rich and adorable in every way, was, after all, only a Patterson; and she married him without waiting for a line of consent from his mother or his all-powerful brother, the despot of France. These circumstances must be well weighed when we come to judge Napoleon's subsequent proceedings.

When the news of the marriage reached France, the Emperor simply pooh-poohed the affair. Young men will be young men, he said, in substance; that rascal Jerome is sowing his wild oats in America. As for marriage, the idea is a good joke. I intend, said he to his friends, to marry Jerome, some of these days, into a good old royal family. As for "the Patterson," we must pension her.

Needless to remark that these oracular intimations found their way across the ocean, and greatly disturbed the honey-moon of the child-couple. Jerome himself had been bred in wholesome terror of his willful brother; his young wife was frightened, and loving, and uneasy about the future. Why should Jerome, said she, go away to France? Why not stay here with us, and be happy—away from courts and wars and angry brothers?

Well would it have been for her—perhaps well for him too—had he done so. But the magnetic influence of the Imperial court could not be resisted by so weak a mortal as Jerome. In the midst of a long and delightful nuptial tour the order of recall reached him, and he obeyed. 'Twas the last of "Miss Patterson's" happiness.

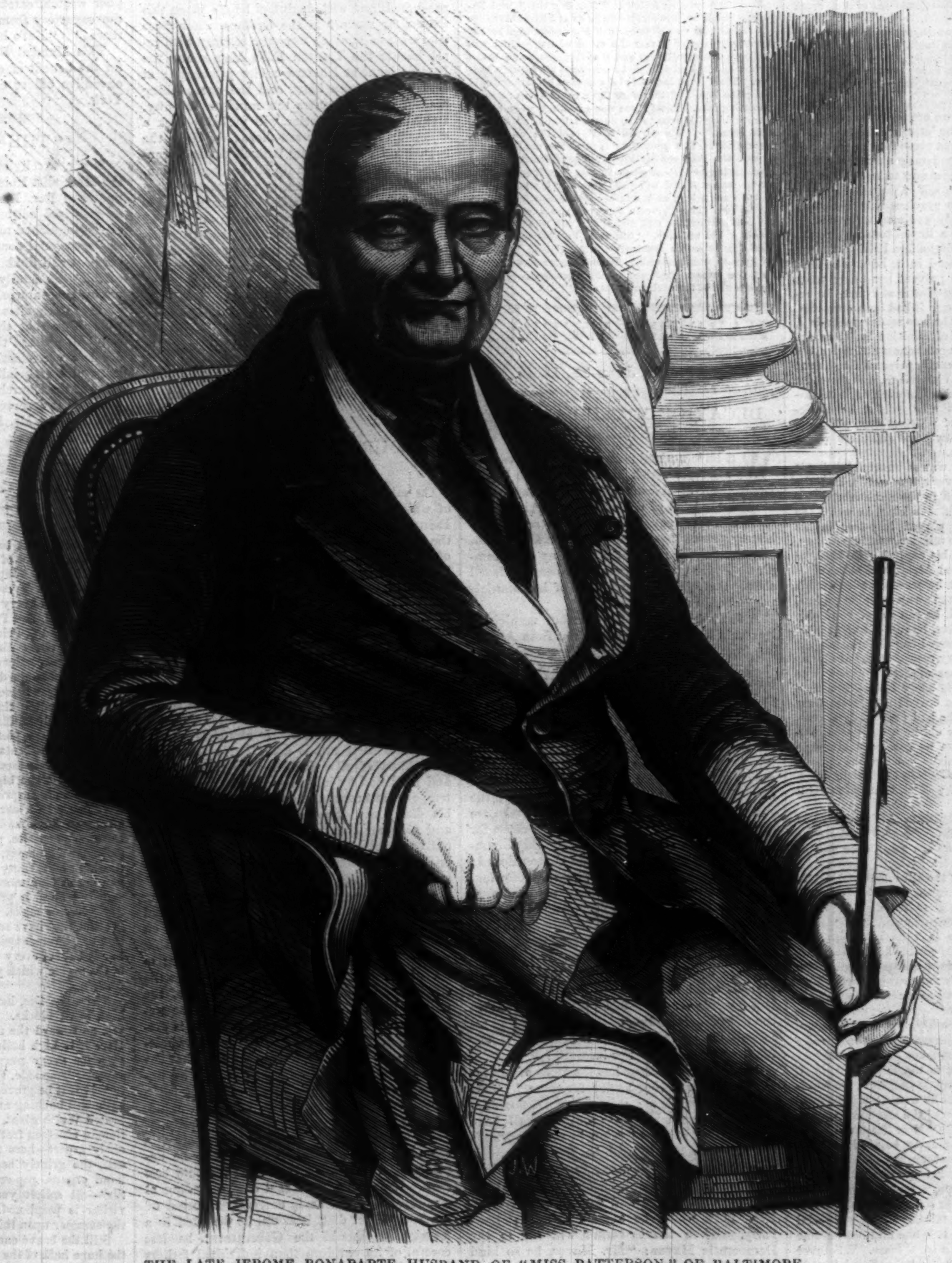
Chased by British cruisers, racked by anxiety about the future, the young couple made land at Lisbon in the spring of 1805. If Jerome had been a man of pluck he would have taken his pretty young wife with him to plead at his brother's feet for her rights as a wife. He was a coward; and he left her at Lisbon, under a plea of ill-health, and posted to Paris alone.

He had been of more consequence there since his marriage than he had ever been before. The Emperor had been heard to swear that "the Patterson" should never be one of his family. When Jerome arrived, hot and anxious, Napoleon laughed at him bitterly, notified him that his marriage had been annulled on the petition of his mother, and bade him make a decent disposal of "Miss Patterson." If Jerome had had any energy he would have resisted. As it was, he only whined feebly; cried, too, 'tis said, a good deal, when his fair wife, far gone in pregnancy, was absolutely refused permission to set her foot on shore at Amsterdam—the port to which she sailed from Lisbon. She went to England, poor girl, and there gave birth to her son; but the boy's father was lost to her forever.

The Emperor knew enough of men to judge his brother rightly. A few energetic measures were sure to cool his boy-love. In March, 1805, express orders were given that no registrar in France should register "a pretended marriage" of Jerome Bonaparte with "a foreigner." In May following, this letter was written by Napoleon to the Pope:

> "I have frequently spoken to your Holiness of a young brother, nineteen years of age, whom I sent in a frigate to America, and who, after a sojourn of a month, although a minor, married a Protestant, the daughter of a merchant of the United States. He has just returned. He is fully conscious of his fault. I have sent back to America Miss Patterson, who calls herself his wife. By our laws the marriage is null. A Spanish priest so far forgot his duties as to pronounce the benediction. I desire from your Holiness a bull annulling the marriage. I could easily have this marriage broken in Paris, since the Gallican Church pronounces such marriages null. *But it appears better to me to have it done in Rome, on account of the example to sovereign families marrying Protestants. It is important for France that there should not be a Protestant young woman so near my person.* It is dangerous that a minor and distinguished youth should be exposed to such seduction against the civil laws and all sorts of propriety."

The Pope, however, did not take the bait. He was about as weak as Jerome himself, but he saw an opportunity of thwarting his great oppressor, and he seized it. He declined to annul the marriage. It is not likely that the Emperor was greatly chagrined by the event, though it did not probably improve his opinion of the Pope. He quietly annulled the marriage by civil decree, and offered Jerome a fine embassy to Algiers in exchange for his wife. The mean-spirited creature accepted the offer, and his beautiful Elizabeth became Miss Patterson once more, returning home to this country with her son.



THE LATE JEROME BONAPARTE, HUSBAND OF "MISS PATTERSON," OF BALTIMORE.

Historians have been fond of alluding to this transaction as an evidence of the selfishness and bad faith of the Emperor Napoleon. But there is another side to the question. It is using a mild term to say that the lady's friends acted imprudently in the matter. It was clearly their duty, in view of Jerome's age and rank and character, to have obtained Napoleon's consent before the celebration of the marriage. No careful father would allow his daughter to marry a foreigner and a minor without some evidence of the willingness of his parents. If any New York merchant suffered his daughter to marry the minor son of an English duke, without ascertaining how the duke felt on the subject, the public would not be surprised to hear that the boy's father had taken steps to have the marriage annulled. Unfortunately for Jerome's wife, there is evidence to show that her friends did not overlook the possible and probable contingency of the nullification of the marriage, but actually traded upon it. The marriage contract was drawn by Mr. Dallas, one of the first lawyers of his time, who was afterward Secretary of the Treasury, and father of our present minister to England. It contains the following clauses:

"*Article* 1. In case of any difficulty being raised relative to the validity of the said marriage, either in the State of Maryland or the French Republic, the said Jerome Bonaparte engages, at the request of the said Elizabeth Patterson and the said William Patterson, or either of them, to execute any deed necessary to remove the difficulty, and to confer on the said union all the character of a valid and perfect marriage according to the respective laws of the State of Maryland and of the French Republic.

"*Article* 4. That if the marriage should be annulled either on the demand of the said Jerome Bonaparte or that of any member of his family, the said Elizabeth Patterson shall have a right, in any case, to one-third of the real, personal, and mixed property of her future husband."

Both of these clauses, we are sorry to say, look to pecuniary results. The latter speaks for itself; the former could only have given rise to an action against Jerome for money damages for non-fulfillment of contract. It is pleasant to know that the lady has never availed herself of the privilege.

No one could be more gracious than Napoleon when people gave up body and soul to him. He made Jerome captain of a line-of-battle ship, put him in the way of capturing a few British traders, and though, with his usual luck, he was obliged to run his ship ashore to prevent her being taken by the first English man-of-war she met, he rewarded his failure as though it had been a success. Jerome lost his wife; but he was made an Admiral, a Prince, and a General of Division in the army. Thus laden with incongruous honors and titles, the weak-headed youth was easily persuaded to assent to the nullification of his marriage, and to wed a German Princess, Frederica Catarina of Würtemberg. The particular bribe he got for this condescension was the crown of Würtemberg, which he assumed at the age of twenty-two, three weeks after his second marriage.

Jerome's public career was so uneventful that it may be dismissed in a very few words, and the reader's attention recalled to the more interesting details of his private life. As king, he was a *bon garçon*—a good fellow; played leap-frog in his court-room; having little religion, and less money, he welcomed the Jews to his capital. In 1812, he led a division of the Grand Army, and behaved so badly at Smolensko that he was degraded by his brother. Next year, he ran away from his capital, and a few days afterward, he ran out of Germany altogether. The year after, he ran out of France. By-and-by, Napoleon escaped from Elba, and Jerome loomed up again, very respectable, but alarmingly feeble, in the House of Peers; a few days more, and he was running away again—this time from Waterloo. Then he craved a bedroom from his father-in-law, whom he had previously dispossessed of his throne; the old man consented, provided Jerome would have no one near him who spoke French. The Germans, you see, had already acquired that touching affection for their *Französische brüder* which is one of their most amiable characteristics to-day.

For a time Jerome existed in this condition of dependence; but the Würtembergers made it too hot for him at last, and he ran away once more—this time to Austria, where he lived some thirty years in peace. In 1848, the old man was recalled to France by his nephew, then President of the French Republic. Louis Napoleon knew his man. He paraded him on all occasions and in all weathers before the Parisians as "the last surviving brother of the Emperor:" he made him a Marshal; he made him President of the Senate; he gave him "dotations" to enormous amounts; he presented him with the Palais Royal as a residence; he appointed him heir to the throne, failing direct issue. The old man bore all meekly, and did as he was bid; it must have been pleasant for him to perceive that he was, at last, of some use in this world.

Satirists will discover, in the life of this man, new arguments against female sagacity; for feeble and cowardly and inept as he was, he was beloved truly and honestly by two of the strongest women of his day. His first wife, "Miss Patterson," still lives at Baltimore, universally beloved and respected. Over half a century has elapsed since she parted forever from her husband: all these years she has lived alone, a graceful and noble lady, doing her duty to her son, her grandson, and her neighbors, and maintaining so high a social stand that, at Baltimore, it is she and not Jerome who is said to have made a *mésalliance*. Whatever may be said of the friends who suffered her, in tender girlhood, to contract an imprudent marriage, even the foulest scandal-monger has hushed his tongue when the name of "Miss Elizabeth Patterson" has been mentioned.

Nor was Frederica of Würtemberg an ordinary woman. Like her sister-in-law, Hortense, she was married from motives of state policy to a man whom she hardly knew, and whose poor affections had already been given to another. Yet she loved him as a peasant's wife loves her husband, followed him in his exiles; accompanied him to the camp, guided him in his hour of trouble, and stood by him honorably and faithfully when her own kith and kin had no insult too keen or too brutal to inflict upon him.

How few good and strong men have the good fortune to marry one woman as excellent as either of the two wives of this poor simpleton!

The race of Jerome Bonaparte survives in the persons of Captain Patterson, a West Pointer, now in the French army, the grandson of "Miss Patterson;" Prince Napoleon, who succeeds his father as President of the French Senate, and the Princess Mathilde, both children of Frederica of Würtemberg.

Captain Patterson inherits his grandmother's vigor of character, and is a fine soldier. He has vainly endeavored to have the decree annulling his grandfather's marriage with Miss Patterson canceled. The present Emperor declines to reverse his uncle's decision.

Of "Napoleon Jerome" and Mathilde it is difficult to speak seriously. They are the common butts of the Parisian wits. Rumor accuses the former of being a coward and a fool; the latter enjoys a very dusky reputation. An industrious jest-collector has gathered in a book no less than six hundred jokes against Prince Napoleon, all of which have been current in Parisian salons: and his sister has been equally victimized. The last two may serve as types of the whole. In Jerome's last illness he was attended by Doctor Rayer.

The story runs as follows: "One day the Prince Napoleon is said to have arrived in haste at Villegénis to see his father; he was stopped in the ante-chamber by Dr. Rayer, who declared that the mind of the patient was confused and wandering, and that it might be an indiscretion to admit him at that moment to his father's bedside. The Prince insisted; he was sure his father would recognize him, and therefore there could be no harm in admitting him. The Prince was admitted, when his father, turning his eyes to the door, exclaimed: '*Je voila, mon brave!*' 'There, you see!' said the doctor, reproachfully. The same story is turned in another sense to suit the Princess Mathilde. The Princess insisted upon seeing her father when in this condition, and the doctor remonstrated as he did with her brother, saying that it was useless, as her father was incapable of recognizing her. The Princess, however, was admitted, and the doctor asked the sick man if he knew who it was that stood by his bed-side. '*Oh, oui,*' he answered, '*C'est Mathilde, la sainte femme!*' 'There,' said Rayer, 'I told you he was deranged.' So numerous are these jokes that the famous Professor of the Faculty threatens to leave town till the excitement is over."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 28, 1860.

DECAY OF MUNICIPAL INDEPENDENCE.

We have noticed from time to time various attempts which have been made by the Legislature at Albany to encroach upon the municipal rights of this city. Insignificant as each of these may have appeared separately, history proves that nothing is more fatal to liberty than the practice of which they are examples. France, we all know, has been enslaved simply through the destruction of her municipal franchises.

A fresh danger now menaces our municipality; this time the blow comes not from Albany but from the Mayor's office at New York.

Fernando Wood, elected Mayor of New York through the agency of the New York *Tribune* and the Republican party, has discovered that the power of "removal for cause" which the charter confers upon him, enables him to displace at will any city official whom he does not like or whom he can not control. All that he requires to exercise this power is the consent of a majority of the Board of Aldermen; the courts ruling that the Mayor and Aldermen are the sole judges of what constitutes "cause for removal." He has thus removed the City Chamberlain and the Engineer of the Croton Board; he would have removed the City Inspector had not that functionary at the last moment consented to do his bidding, and yielded him the patronage of his office. So far as matters have gone, perhaps, little harm has been done. There are no facts before the public to show that the new Chamberlain and the other new officials will be less efficient than the old ones. But it needs very little foresight to perceive that the new understanding of the law regarding removals for cause gives the death-blow to our municipal liberties. For instance:

By law the Governor has the right of removing the Mayor of New York "for cause." This State is Republican; this city is Democratic. By-and-by we may, we probably shall have some violent rural politician in the Governor's chair. The Senate will be Republican. It may, it probably will occur to the Republican Governor and the Republican Senate that the enormous patronage and spoils of the city of New York would be a good thing for their party. Then the Governor will say to the Democratic Mayor: "Mr. Mayor, be so kind as to appoint none but sound Republicans to office in your city." If the Democratic Mayor hesitates or declines, presto, he is removed, "for cause," whereof, under the new reading of the law, the Governor and the Senate are judges without appeal; and thus the city passes under Albany domination. The result would be the same, of course, if the Mayor yielded to the Governor's demand. In any event, the new doctrine demolishes utterly and thoroughly municipal independence, and lays the corner-stone of a centralized despotism.

Mayor Wood's friends should stay his hand in time, or they may be the first victims of the guillotine he has invented.

WATERING-PLACES.

The city is being deserted. Houses with closed blinds and dusty door-steps meet the eye at every turn in the upper wards. For all the world and his wife have gone to Saratoga, and Trenton Falls, and Niagara. Moralists have discoursed and editors have declaimed against the discomfort and the high charges of fashionable hotels; but the public is not much affected by the diatribes, and goes to its old haunts just as usual. A few prudent fathers, with more wit than cash, are sending their families to farm-houses in rural villages, where ladies need not dress, and little boys and girls may make dirt-pies without disgrace; where milk, and eggs, and bracing air abound, and fashionable society, and flirting, and Champagne are rare. But the mass of mankind is at the time-honored resorts.

Saratoga is as full of guests as ever. "Congress Hall" opens its hospitable doors to its old friends; the "Union" has been enlarged and renovated, and will doubtless be *the* place this season for visitors to the Springs. For those who wish to combine romantic scenery with rural leisure the Trenton Falls House, and the International at Niagara, invite patronage; at both cool breezes blow, and the ever-rushing roar of waters soothes the mind to serenity. Denizens of the interior will probably seek a summer resort on the sea-shore; for these the Mansion House at Long Branch has been contrived. Situate on the lip of the broad Atlantic, with nothing between it and Africa but a few infinitessimal sea-craft, this caravanserai is the best place we know of to give an idea of the ocean—whether calm and gently heaving like a maiden's breast, or rolling fierce waves with impetuous onslaught upon the sandy beach. Finally, invalids will find quiet, cool air, and kind attendance at the various medical retreats—among which we may mention the Round Hill Water Cure at Northampton, Massachusetts, as one deserving attention.

It will thus be seen that all tastes can be readily gratified by a judicious outlay of cash. Of course every body can not go to Corinth.

ARE OUR CADETS STARVED AT WEST POINT?

Of all our educational institutions the one of which our people are proudest is the West Point Academy. We are prepared to concede the inferiority of most of our schools to those of Europe. Our colleges can not compare, we know, with Oxford, and Paris, and Göttingen; our great universities produce few first-class scholars; but it is an article of faith with our people to believe that nothing can surpass the West Point Academy. Nor does that faith rest on a doubtful basis. The course of study at West Point is agreeable to the soundest philosophical doctrine and the newest lights of the age. Boys are there taught the best things which they can learn; they are fitted to excel, not only in a military, but in any civil career; and while their minds are filled with wholesome knowledge, their bodies are strengthened and hardened by judicious exercises, and their tempers are brought under control by inexorable discipline. So far as the mental, moral, and physical systems in vogue at West Point are concerned, there is absolutely no room for criticism, and very substantial ground for congratulation.

Of late, however, rumors have been gaining ground which it is the duty of the public and the Government to notice. It is reported, on authority worthy of *prima-facie* attention, that the food of the cadets is not what it ought to be. It is said that the beef, which forms the staple article of their dinners, consists of the poorest cuts; that the potatoes would be unsalable in our markets; that the fish is frequently, if not generally, stale and unwholesome; that the butter is rancid; and that the diet generally is not as generous and as nutritious as growing lads need, especially when they are working hard with body and mind. We consider these rumors worthy of inquiry.

No father would suffer his son to remain at a school where the food was reported to be unwholesome. Growing boys need the very best diet. If as much were said of the feeding at any private school as is currently reported of the West Point diet, it would be deserted in a fortnight. Should the Government be less careful of its children than individual fathers are of theirs?

It must be remembered that the hundred and odd cadets at West Point are the flower of our American youth, and the best hope of the country. West Pointers are the best educated men we have in civil life; it is on them that the country relies for guidance in the hour of danger. If any young men should be cared for, it is they. And if it should prove that they are deprived of proper food in order to enrich contractors, what shame would devolve upon the Government and the officers, who stand in the light of parents to these boys!

The subject certainly deserves investigation. It is due to Colonel Delafield and the Board of Inspectors that the current rumors should be silenced, if they are false; it is due to the cadets and to the country that they should be verified, and the abuses corrected, if they are true.

OUR CIVILIZATION.

Marshal Rynders, standing upon the shore of Bedloe's Island, and gazing proudly upon the hundreds of boats and the thousands of eager spectators who had come to see Hicks the pirate hanged; wiping from his forehead the perspiration which had accumulated during the pleasure-excursion with which he gracefully prefaced the drama of the day; elbowing his way between the prize-fighters and the Common Councilmen to take his last adieu of the man he was about to hang—Marshal Rynders, we say, under these circumstances, with a touching delicacy worthy of the man and the office, turned to the spectators, and observed: "Gentlemen, the prisoner declines to address his fellow-citizens." And so Hicks died, the poor wretch, catching with his last sensations the eager cry from the boats, "Down in front there!" "Let's have a fair look at him!"

This Marshal Rynders, it should be stated for the benefit of country readers, is the chief executive officer of the United States in New York.

"THE METHODIST"

Is a new religious weekly in the interest of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It bears the names of Rev. Drs. Crooks and M'Clintock as principal editors. Besides these a number of distinguished names are engaged as regular and occasional contributors. Under such auspices, it will doubtless be among the very best of religious family newspapers. It is gotten up by the enterprising liberality of a number of lay Methodists in and around New York, who think that the time has come when the religious press of the Church will do better under less ecclesiastical control. Doubtless the laity, and especially the vast conservative lay force of the Church, will see that this paper obtains, as it deserves, a splendid success. It is published by Mr. Lemuel Bangs, 7 Beekman Street, New York, at $2 per annum.

THE LOUNGER.

THE SHIP.

He would not be a faithful Lounger who did not go to the foot of Hammond Street and see the *Great Eastern*. Japanese embassadors may come again—even a Tycoon is not impossible—Benicia Boys grow on every soil—Princes of Wales are not likely to fail, and Prince Plon-Plons are the most common kind of Princes; but another ship of ships—another *Great Eastern*—will hardly ever float. She is disproportioned to the average size of continents, and to the depth of ocean avenues.

For she is enormous. She does not disappoint. Notwithstanding the vast excitement of expectation—notwithstanding the endless descriptions and the numberless pictures, in which seventy-fours look like cock-boats by her side, and *Persias* and *Adriatics* barely escape invisibility, the *Great Eastern* is still "the big thing," and the closer you look the more surprising is her size.

If you take a car in the shadow of St. Paul's, after you have made an exhaustive inspection of Barnum's opposite, you will find it instantly filled, and after a moment, you will roll smoothly along, turning and turning until at length you hear that you are at Hammond Street. The journey is not very long, and is probably as dreary as any journey you can make. Other cities smell offensively; but they have some kind of redeeming association or picturesqueness. New York alone is sublimely bald of every thing but a bad smell—at least in the region which you traverse to reach the *Great Eastern*.

There she lies, her great black bow beyond the high brick blocks. Down the descending street you go toward the river, and on along the wharf. Here it is high holiday. Here the incomparable soap for every purpose under heaven—here the superior lemonade, the price of which will be refunded if it be proved not to be superior—here the agile ball bobbing among thimbles—here the celebrated Welsh giant, whose portrait reveals a gentleman nineteen feet high, of a benign and melancholy aspect—here the fat baby, the two-headed calf, the grizzly bears, the fresh oysters, cakes, hand organs, pop-corn, and "Black your boots, Sir"—all solicit your admiration. The simple visitor is perplexed. Might he not while away the summer upon this wharf?

Still the brave ones push on. They walk along the huge hulk of the ship. They see that she lays her lazy length along the space of four blocks. They think of Lucifer and "many a rood," and then they have reached the ticket office; they pay fifty cents, and pass up an inclined plane, watched by an officer of the ship in a gold-laced cap (how much comfort some people take in a gold-laced cap!), and so enter by something which the likeness of a port-hole has on. But it is so vast that you can not fancy it a port-hole until you remember that it is the *Great Eastern*, upon which every thing becomes possible again, however large.

Passing through you emerge upon the third deck, and look around. You are in a section of the ship. At the sides there is what seems to you a rather thin shell of iron. You stand upon a rough deck, and there is another over you; but the space seems too spacious to be upon shipboard, and that impression follows you throughout. There is nothing more to see in that place; for it is only the between decks of an iron ship, with nothing there. Ascending broad, rough steps in company with other people, who are arriving all the time, you reach the second deck, where you have the same impression and emotions as upon the third; and passing on and up more steps, and you stand upon the great flush deck of the ship, reaching from the point of the bow to the wheels at the stern. This is covered by a rather low, hanging awning, and seems to you like a vast hall or pavilion. I confess my first feeling was, that nothing could persuade me to go to sea in such a ship, for it seemed like embarking in the largest Lowell cotton factory. What or who could guide such a tremendous mass? Why should it not flounder, "rudis, indigestaque moles" (see the Latin Grammar) in the furious arms of the sea?

Upon this immense deck, dwindling down the perspective toward the bow, there were probably a thousand persons moving about. "There are forty feeding like one." They did not seem so numerous as the ordinary company of a summer steamer to England; and I thought of the other four thousand swarming all through the other parts of the ship. I walked forward to the bows; and as I sauntered slowly along, passing other promenaders as in Broadway, I could understand Eliot Warburton's joke about the passengers upon the Mediterranean steamer gravely taking their *Constitutional* and hurrying off toward the bows, as if they feared not to arrive in time. The *Great Eastern* is only three or four times larger than the largest ships, but she seems twenty times larger—as if she differed in kind as well as in degree.

I stepped up on the wheel-house, whence you over-look every thing, and then descended to the deck between the paddle-boxes, and leaning over a railing, looked down into an abyss of machinery. It is all brightly polished—massive, simple, strong: it was the brain of the machine, and I honored it. Then down into the ladies' or chief saloon or cabin—which is not like a cabin at all, but like a noble apartment in a palace. I think there is many a serene hereditary German Grand-Duke of Schlossbangingwhanging who would be glad of so fine a room in his serene hereditary *residenz* as this saloon of the great ship. It is finished in Moresque, with mirrors, and lounges, and sofas. Upon these last sat our cousins from the country; some closely engaged in the sweetest maternal duty—some gravely turning over the leaves of a book of illustrated advertisements—some making a needful toilet before the mirrors—some reclined in the corners, and giving the saucy world that passed by stare for stare. The saloon is so high, so light, so spacious, that you have no suggestion of the ship; and the airy grace of the place is increased by a railing which runs round the sides, and over which you look down upon the lower deck, which is thus lighted more perfectly.

The state-rooms are entered across a little bridge which extends over this open space, and they are in nests of about six rooms. Some rooms have two berths, some four, and some open into each other for parties of six. The berths are the old-fashioned bunks, which are good for holding the patient in; and I should think there was about the usual allowance of space to each patient—the gain over the old ships being in the height and light of the room. The rooms of four berths are very large and pleasant; and they are all furnished very simply. But the patient can easily spare the crimson and yellow satin damask bed-curtains when he is assured that each little cluster of rooms has its own bathing convenience, et cetera.

The chief saloon is the only really handsome or finished part of the ship. The main cabins are spacious, and light, and plain; but there is a bareness about them which is not comfortable. They need a little more taste in their arrangement before the proud landsman could be readily tempted to become a helpless patient upon the sea for a fortnight. In fact, while the English plainness is every where apparent, the equally celebrated British comfort is not so easily found upon this great ship. She is very shabby, although clean; and produces, in the housekeeping department, the impression of a second-rate hotel. The patient might almost expect to find feather-beds in the bunks! But he would not. And he might take heart again in the steward's room. There I saw a whole regiment of Champagne lying down upon the ice in perfect order, as the British Guards knelt in line upon the turf at Waterloo. As the long row of spectators stood gazing at the fine sight—for the necks, sheathed in tin paper, had a kind of polished helmet look—how ardently we wished the very rosy general in a white apron had given the stern word to his regiment, "Up, and at them!" "Oh yes!" said an enthusiast at my side, to whom I suggested this possibility; "there'd be no sham fight then, however cham the pagne might be!" And I looked to see if some one of the bottles had not had a private shot at him.

But we merely heard "Refreshments below, Sir," and turned sadly away to return to the upper air. Here were the same crowd trooping about the deck, wide-eyed and happy, staring at each other, and occasionally looking at the ship. I made the circuit once more, and having gratified my curiosity—for all the statistics and instruction are to be found in the *Great Eastern* Extra of *Harper's Weekly*—I descended the steps which conducted the visitors out. Here, upon the third deck, I found "the refreshments." A café is improvised. You may have ice-creams, and pay fifteen pence for them. You may have lemonade at a shilling. You may have rolls at five or eight pence, I forget which. I only remember that John the waiter said thirty-two cents for four small dinner-rolls or biscuit; but when I lifted my eyes to him, speechless, he said, "I mean I'll inquire;" and I think he let me off for twenty cents. Then I went out of the side of the ship, and if dinner-rolls had not cost so much I might have treated myself to the melancholy Giant or the Bearded Woman.

The great ship is as great as you have heard. But I fear you will wonder with me whether the known sea-ports of the world are not rather too small a parlor for the elephant the stockholders have drawn.

GOING TO CAMP.

Going to the Seventh Regiment camp was like going to the Derby. From the point where the Clove Road joins the highway from Vanderbilt's landing to Richmond, a string of carriages advanced like the Homeric heroes in an obscuring cloud. Dust was never known before. Skirting the lovely New Dorp plains, along one of the most charming roads to be found any where, you look across the unfenced meadows, covered with groves and groups and single trees, to the sparkling sea with the ships coming and going. In fact, there is many a point upon Staten Island from which your may see the scenery of the Isle of Wight which Tennyson has put into "Maud." Galloping along the "Ocean Terrace," or descending to the plain, you shall see, plainly as the poet saw, "the liquid azure bloom of a crescent of sea." For you too the sails shall sparkle between the tree-tops; and all upon the way to the camp, if you choose to take the prettiest road.

But as you come upon the edge of the New Dorp plain you come into dust. And when you have paid toll, and passed the Patten House, and then turn sharp to your left, by the Cedar Grove Lane, then you come into dust such as the road at Newport between the beaches never knew, nor even the driver to Bateman's. The afternoon before the camp broke up there was a wild whirl of carriages spinning down the lane. The road crosses the track of the new Staten Island railroad, upon which the new locomotives have been shrieking with delight every half hour since the regiment came. The trains dart across the plain, and you see them as you skirt the edge with baggage-cars full and cattle cars crowded; and at one time, upon one day, nearly a thousand passengers could not be carried, such was the throng at the station.

But this afternoon cars and carriages met at the crossing. Such a jam was never known upon the peaceful isle. The cars went on and the carriages pressed forward. There were coaches, barouches, buggies, light wagons, covered wagons, carryalls, gigs, rockaways, omnibuses, hay wagons, market wagons, oyster carts, donkey carts—every kind of carriage except the coupé, wedged in and squeezing, and every body chirruping and clucking and shaking whips and reins, and shouting, laughing, joking, staring: some very solemn and dignified, which was very funny, and all racing on together in high good-humor, and in dust so dense that the horses went in and out of it like a fog. The train had disgorged its crowd, and they were hurrying, too, among the wheels and the horses, and the loud invitations of wagon drivers, jumping and running, helter-skelter, to see the fun. They climbed over the fences upon the roadside, and had worn a smooth path just inside the fences; and they smoked and laughed and swore, and disappeared in the dust as they rushed on.

Toward the camp ground the crush and confusion of carriages was hopeless. Every driver tried to help matters by swearing at every other. They shook their whips and their heads and tongues—burr! whirr! You might as well swear at "Big Tom" when you are in the belfry where he is ringing. Every few moments the mass moves forward a little. There is a general hurrah! Wild horses' heads snort and peer, but no horse can do any thing. The pressure is as taming as Mr. Rarey. Somebody tries to turn and wishes he hadn't, there is such a sharp outcry and objurgation. Another shout and forward all a little. Then every body stops as the bang of a cannon close at hand splits the air. Another, and another! Something is happening. For Heaven's sake, let's get on! And nobody budges an inch. A few desperate leap down and try walking. There is not room enough, and amidst great laughter they clamber into the most convenient carriage. At length we have moved so far that a sudden turn brings us in at the club entrance, guarded by the police, and we drive smoothly along under the trees separated by a fence from the camp.

The little canvas city is built upon the level grassy plain, encircled by the broad, smooth road of the Richmond County Club, upon which the members drive their fast horses, and breathe the sea air, for it is almost upon the very shore. There are ten thousand people this afternoon, and when the bugle sounds the call for something or other there is a great rush forward, which the sentries try in vain to repel. The companies march out from the glittering white streets and fall into line. The sentries tell the crowd, which holds its own, that a troop of horse is just about moving rapidly along the line. The crowd is incredulous and sits down in front upon the grass. By-and-by one horseman gallops along the edge of their toes and waves them back; but as there is only a handful of sentries, and it would need at least a hundred to keep the line, they give it up, and the good-humored crowd keeps about where it was.

Then a body of indistinguishable but, doubtless, greatly distinguished people, in black coats, march into the centre of the square. His Excellency the Mayor is there; Major-General Sandford is there; General Hall is there; Aldermen Boole and Bagley are probably there. Hence the loud guns!

But now the band falls into place; the line wheels into ranks; rub-a-dub; tra-la-la—look at the big fellow in the huge muff wielding that prodigious staff. Every movement, every position means something. It is a sort of phonography upon the great scale, only there is no sound. The drum-major holds it horizontally, and the band does things. He holds it askew, and they do other things. They turn, they file, they wheel—who wouldn't, with such a tremendous fellow flourishing such a piece of timber within arm's-length of you! And meanwhile the comely white trowsers of the troops are making music to the eye as they move like one. They glitter in the sun. They beat time, with even tread upon the sward, to the inspiring music. The bayonets flash, rub-a-dub; tra-la-la. March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale. Halt!

The music stops and they do evolutions. They run in and out. They do the exercise. Clap, clap! ring, ring! Three hundred muskets sound like one large one. The men move like an intelligent machine. They do it easily, but symmetrically. It is more like a French drill than a Prussian. But they are men, citizens—not subjects. That is the moral of the matter. It is all voluntary. Fancy a Sicilian insurrection of men like these! They would march from Girgenti to Capua in a week. And what these are, others are. For instance, there is the Eighth Regiment, which will receive them to-morrow. And the Chicago Zouaves. And the Providence Light Infantry. And the Boston something. Rub-a-dub; tra-la-la. The ten thousand people cheer and clap as they look on and think of these things. A confused small boy, intently sucking a lump of candy, asks if our friend of the big stick in the huge muff is Garibaldi. No, my son! but look.

Another extravagant flourish of the drum-major, and the band bursts into music once more. The citizen soldiers file away. They march, they wheel, they disappear down the snowy-sided streets. Farewell, brave men! Farewell, brave youths! In your true hearts, in your strong arms, our land and liberty are safe.

IN THE CARS.

My Dear Lounger,—When you travel by rail beware of Springfield, Massachusetts. Not the city, which is one of the prettiest in the land. Not the people, who need no praise; but beware of the passengers who there step into the cars. The Hog family are very apt to join the train at Springfield. It is a central Station, you know; a ganglion of roads, and seats are always scarce. I knew this, but I still ventured to step out for a mouthful of air, leaving a coat, a book, and an umbrella in my seat. I walked about and had my mouthful, and then returned.

A man of the strictly American species—that is, with shaven cheeks and chin covered with hair—was just lifting my coat and looking about for a peg to hang it upon. A young woman holding a very young child in her arms stood by him. I hastened forward and said,

"Have you any particular occasion for my coat?"

"No," said the man, with the surliest look and tone in the world. "No, but I'm going to have this seat."

Mr. Lounger, I confess I was frightfully angry. I was so very much excited that I did not dare to suffer myself to speak. Besides, I saw at the side of the Hog, the weary-looking young woman with the hot baby; the air was very close; the cars were very full and dusty; I foresaw a very serious scene if I spoke at all, so I reached forward and took my unbrella, and, by the grace of God, held my tongue. I send this to you, hoping that the fellow may see it. If he does, he may understand that his selfish conduct, so outrageous that all the neighbors in the car were amazed, escaped its immediate and just punishment only because of his wife and child, and an extreme reluctance to a scene. Yours truly, Z.

It is clear that nothing will correct the indecency of travelers in respect to the right of seats in cars except the outspoken public opinion of the passengers around.

NOVELTY IN ART.

> "Mr. Lounger.—Do you not think we might have something new in the way of subjects for painting? We are afflicted with so many sunsets and sunrises, portraits of ladies, landscapes, etc., etc., that one grows weary of exhibitions, and longs for a change. Now if one of our artists would only give us a 'picture-story,' illustrating some subject or tale in several pictures, how interesting it might be made! There are 'songs without words'—why not '*tales* without words?' Or suppose he republished in this form some well-known book by a well-known author. 'David Copperfield' has subjects enough in itself for a series. Such humor, such pathos exquisitely blended, as one finds in this pet child of its author, would stand forth well in the colors of a painter-artist, even as they do in the pen-and-ink sketches of this master-hand. In fact, any novel at all well known to the reading mass would be received with enthusiasm by them, I think. As a people *we* are but just learning our first lessons in art and taste. We paint pictures or stories on the blocks with which we teach children their letters! Get *our* teachers to take more pains to *interest* us, and our taste will be the more easily cultivated. Twine the fruit with the blossoms that we may discover *results* in the study of *details*.
>
> "Hoping that you will consider this matter worthy remark in your columns, I am glad to sign myself
>
> "A pleased reader of the *Weekly*,
>
> "Ernest."

Ernest will not forget that Darley has done this very thing in his illustrations of "Margaret," and that he is understood to be engaged in the same way upon Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter." Ehninger also has drawn a "Rip Van Winkle" series, and one of "The Bridge of Sighs." In Germany Retzsch has done the same with many works. His best are the "Bell" of Schiller, and Goethe's "Faust." These are all outline drawings, indeed; but in the "Voyage of Life" and "Course of Empire" Cole told an allegory in color. The most that can be reasonably expected of a painter in this way is that he shall illustrate some striking scene in color, as the late Mr. Leslie did in his "Widow Wadman and Uncle Toby," and in most of his pictures.

As for the general question of novelty, it is as useless to demand it in art as it is in literature. The subject will always be fresh if the genius be adequate, and Shakespeare's material was the same as Shadwell's. When Titian paints portraits, portraits are not tiresome; and when Claude paints sunsets, one would look at sunsets forever.

THE CEREMONY OF MAJESTY.

John Bull hates humbug—at least he says so. He is choked with red tape—but he hates humbug. His greatest authors are satirists of his society, and label his Government for the laughter of the world as a Circumlocution Office and a successful system of how-not-to-do-it—but he hates humbug. He leaves all that to his good neighbors and allies across the Channel—to the melodramatic Frenchmen, who are always consulting effects, and burning blue-lights, and hanging up artificial flowers. John Bull hates humbug, and therefore, when there is a review of volunteers for rifle practice, a rifle is poised, sighted, and fixed fast in a frame; and then a string is tied to the trigger, and Her Majesty pulls it. The charge explodes, and—wonder of wonders!—the bullet strikes the bull's-eye in the target, and John Bull throws up his hat and heels, and shouts pæans to the marvelous skill of the little Queen—he hates humbug so thoroughly.

If he hadn't been such a simple, straight-forward fellow, it would have been arranged that the Queen should step out, take a rifle, raise it to her shoulder, aim, and fire it. It would have hit nothing, of course. So much the better. Nobody supposes Victoria has practiced rifle-shooting. Nobody wishes she should. But the performance would have been real, and the enthusiasm would have been the same. When Queen Elizabeth reviewed the troops at Tilbury, do you suppose she pulled strings tied to triggers? That was before the days when John talked so complacently about hating humbug. Even the Gallic neighbors have been compelled to laugh over this sudden enthusiasm of Bull for his volunteers. France has had the domestic military system so long and so strong in her National Guard, that she can not understand why John shouts so loud over his twenty thousand volunteers. France has not yet perceived how entirely he hates humbug.

Nothing of recent occurrence has more strongly shown how "your majesty's self is but a ceremony" than the pulling the string at the review.

HOOD'S OWN.

Every thing he did was entirely his own. But how original he was in many ways the "Life of Thomas Hood," by his son and daughter, which is just coming from Ticknor & Fields, will show. Here is a "taste." It is all Hood—ood—odd—good:

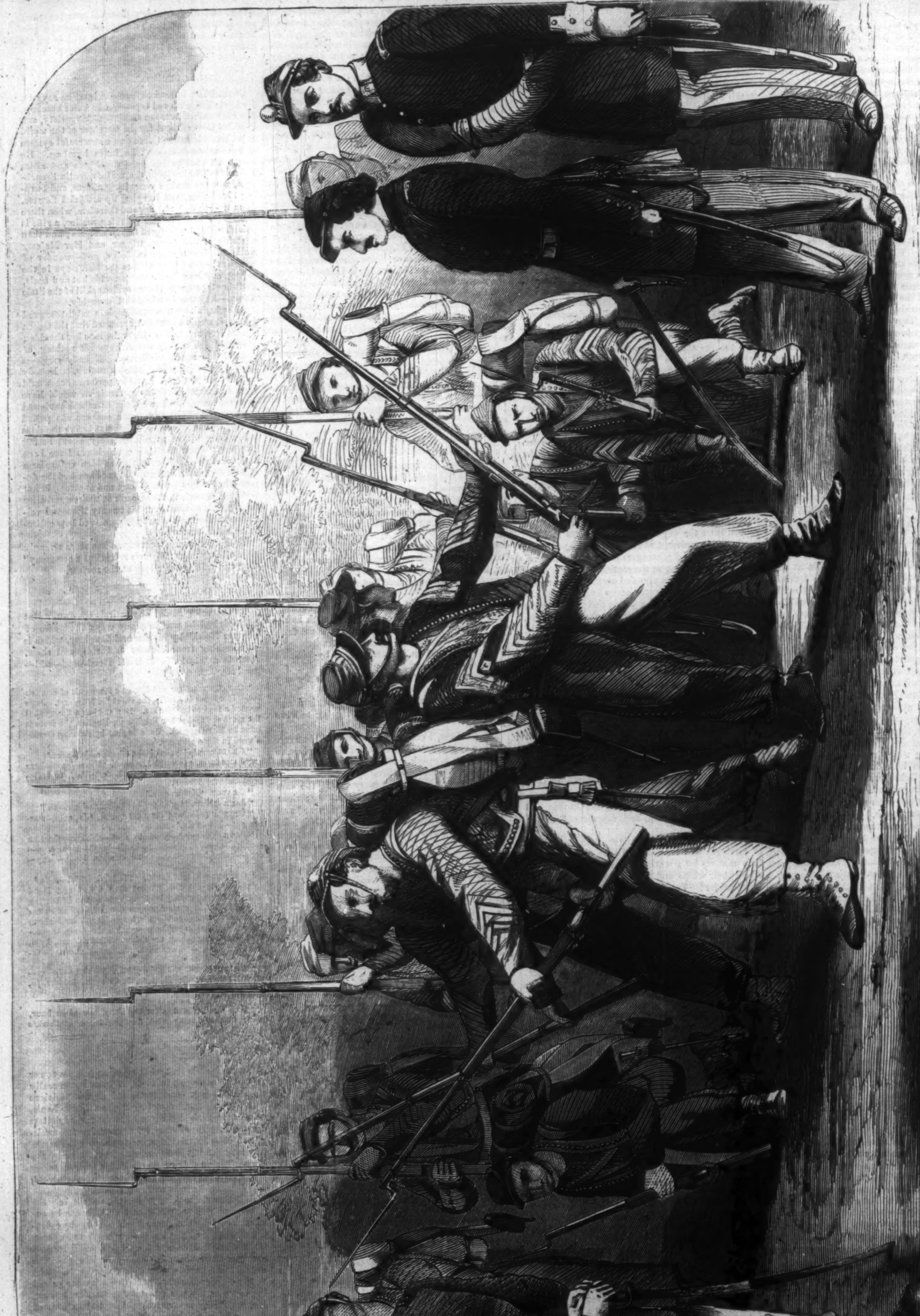
> "Our (German) servant knows a few words of English too. Her name is *Gradle*, the short for Margaret. Jane wanted a fowl to boil for me. Now she has a theory that the more she makes her English un-English, the more it must be like German. Jane begins by showing Gradle a word in the dictionary.
>
> "Gradle. 'Ja! yees—hühn—henne—Ja! yees.'
>
> "Jane (*a little through her nose*). 'Hmn—hum—hem—yes—yaw, ken you geet a fowl—fool—foal, to boil—bile—bole for dinner?'
>
> "Gradle. 'Hot wasser?'
>
> "Jane. 'Yaw, in pit—pat—pot—hmn—hum—eh!'
>
> "Gradle (*a little off the scent again*). 'Ja, nein—wasser, pot—hot—nein.'
>
> "Jane. 'Yes—no—good to eeat—chicken—cheeken—checking—choking—bird—bard—beard—lays eggs—eegs—hune, heine—hin—make cheekin broth—soup—poultry—peltry—paltry!'
>
> "Gradle (*quite at fault*). 'Pfeltrighchtch!—nein.'
>
> "Jane (*in despair*). 'What shall I do? and Hood won't help me, he only laughs. This comes of leaving England!' (*She casts her eyes across the street at the Governor's poultry-yard, and a bright thought strikes her.*) 'Here, Gradle—come here—comb hair—hmn—hum—look there—dare—you see things walking—hmn, hum, wacking about—things with feathers—fathers—feethers.'
>
> "Gradle (*hitting it off again*). 'Feethers—faders—ah hah! fedders—ja, ja, yees, sie bringen—fedders, ja, ja!'
>
> "*Jane* echoes 'Fedders—yes—yaw, yaw!'
>
> "Exit Gradle, and, after three-quarters of an hour, returns triumphantly with two bundles of stationer's quills!"

AMERICAN SCULPTURE.

The principle that what a person has the power to do he has the right to do, if it be not morally wrong, has just been illustrated by the judicious action of a committee of gentlemen in St. Louis, who having raised the sum of ten thousand dollars for a statue to Thomas H. Benton, have commissioned Miss Harriet Hosmer to execute the work. She is at present in this country, kept here by the serious illness of her father, and the homage to her talent of so important a commission is certainly not less deserved than it will be grateful.

Whether the making of marble statues be "the sphere" of woman, is a question which can be answered only by the statue itself. That the splendid singing of a song may be in her sphere has been often enough demonstrated by her doing it; and surely Rosa Bonheur has effectually answered the question in regard to the painting of animals. The works of Miss Hosmer, greatly as they are prized by connoisseurs, are not very generally known. But her ability is unquestioned, and the statue of Benton will doubtless establish her position among our artists.

To those who ask why should she go abroad? why should not an American sculptor make the statue of an American statesman of American marble upon American soil? the answer is ready, that it can be better made in Italy. The object is to have a noble work of art, and, therefore, you must consult all the conditions most favorable for its production. They are found in Italy, in Italian workmen, in Italian material, in Italian conveniences, and in the Italian atmosphere of art. Is Crawford's Jefferson any less excellent because it was modeled in Rome and cast in Munich? The nationality of art lies not in its substance, but its soul; not in the material, but in the mind that fashions it.



THE CHICAGO ZOUAVES EXECUTING THEIR DRILL IN NEW YORK, JULY, 1860.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GURNEY.]

THE CHICAGO ZOUAVES.

The event of the week has been the arrival of the Chicago Zouaves—otherwise called United States Cadets—a fine military company hailing from Chicago, Illinois, and commanded by Colonel E. E. Ellsworth. They number 150 muskets; only 40 rank and file, however, came here. They have been reviewed here several times before enormous crowds, and all are agreed that no company in the First Division is as perfect in drill as they. The peculiarity of their Zouave tactics has attracted attention. They are bound by the rules of their organization not to drink spirituous liquors, and not to enter improper houses or bar-rooms on any pretext. They live very plainly, and generally sleep on bare floors with a blanket round them. The full-dress uniform of the Zouaves consists of a dark-blue coat, with buff trimmings, and pantaloons and caps of blue, with similar trimmings to those on the coat. The full Zouave uniform worn on the occasion of their reception consists of loose scarlet trowsers, with a gold cord over a blue stripe, high gaiters and leggings; blue vest, with orange braid, and a peculiar pattern of moire antique facing; a jacket of blue, with red and orange trimmings, and bell buttons; and a jaunty little red cap, with black band and orange trimmings. In addition to the above, they also have fatigue uniforms and a chasseur uniform, consisting of red pants and blue coats, beautifully fringed and trimmed. Most of their manœuvres are derived from Hardee's tactics; but their drill, their evolutions, their dash and *élan* are peculiarly their own, and have aroused the enthusiasm of all our military men.

On the opposite page the reader will find a fine picture of the Zouaves. We subjoin a poem written for this paper:

THE ZOUAVES.

To bugle note and beat of drum
They come—the gallant Zouaves come!
With gleams of blue and glints of red;
With airy, light, elastic tread;
With dashing, wild, insouciant air;
With figures sinewy, lithe, and spare;
With gait replete with fiery grace;
With cloudless eye and boyish face,
And agile play of feet and hands,
Swift as a Bedoween of the sands
They come—the gay Zouaves!

Lo! as they file along the green
I seem to see the Algerine!
The marble piles of building fade,
And the vast desert without shade—
Save where the Oasis uplifts
Its green plumes mid the sandy drifts—
Stretches before my dazzled sight,
While rising o'er a distant height,
On lean, swift steeds, with slender spears,
The sallow Arab troop appears
To chase the French Zouaves!

They slope along the gold-red sand;
Their keen eyes sweep the sky and land;
The lean steeds snuff the desert wind;
The watchful vulture soars behind,
But nothing moves upon the plain;
The keen eyes search the sands in vain.
Before, behind, and left and right,
A sandy ripple meets the sight,
Nor even these black-eyed devils know
That nigh yon sand-hill, lying low,
Are crouched the brave Zouaves!

Four puffs of smoke that seem to float
From out the earth—a crackling note—
Four saddles emptied in the troop—
Then wild and shrill the Arab whoop,
And spurring with the stirruped feet,
And dashing of the coursers fleet,
And then—four puffs of smoke once more,
Four saddles emptied as before.
In vain their Allah they invoke,
With pertinacious puffs of smoke
Reply the brave Zouaves!

Out of the earth, like Genii, rise
The red Zouaves with flashing eyes,
And on the sallow Arab troop
Like hawks upon a bird they swoop.
With bayonet keen, with murderous gun,
With curious, planned, erratic run,
With sudden fall upon the sand,
With quick deploy, with gun in hand:
Thus like a meteor of the skies,
Vivid with red and blue, arise
The dauntless French Zouaves!

Over the tawny sands they fly,
Now seem they far, now seem they nigh.
They fire and fall, they fall and fire,
They scud on limbs of sinewy wire,
In each manœuvre seeming wild,
Each soldier's docile as a child;
And even the fleetest Arab finds
A foe that's fleeter than the winds.
Thus outmanœuvred and outsped,
He turns and hides his haughty head
Before the French Zouaves!

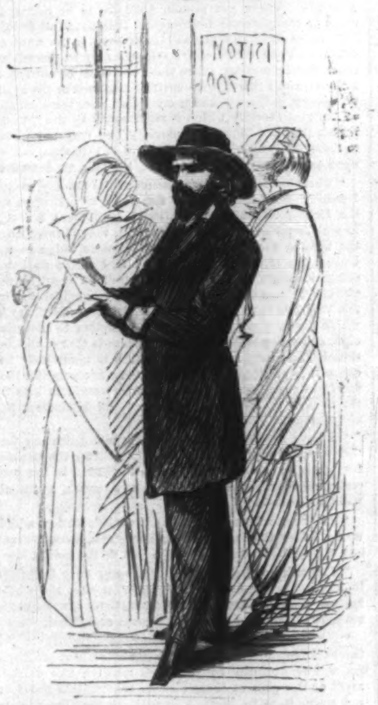
Your Zouave corps, O haughty France!
We looked on as a wild romance,
And many a one was heard to scoff
At Algiers and at Malakoff;
Nor did we Yankees credit quite
Their evolutions in the fight.
But now we're very sure what they
Have done can here be done to-day,
When thus before our sight deploys
The gallant corps from Illinois—
American Zouaves!

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]



WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

MRS. CATHERICK'S LETTER CONCLUDED.

"I must begin this fresh page, Mr. Hartright, by expressing my surprise at the interest which you appear to have felt in my late daughter—it is quite unaccountable to me. If that interest makes you anxious for any particulars of her early life, I must refer you to Mrs. Clements, who knows more of the subject than I do. Pray understand that I do not profess to have been at all overfond of my late daughter. She was a worry and an encumbrance to me from first to last, with the additional disadvantage of being always weak in the head.

"There is no need to trouble you with many personal particulars relating to those past times. It will be enough to say that I observed the terms of the bargain on my side, and that I enjoyed my comfortable income, in return, paid quarterly. Now and then I got away, and changed the scene for a short time; always asking leave of my lord and master first, and generally getting it. He was not, as I have already told you, fool enough to drive me too hard; and he could reasonably rely on my holding my tongue, for my own sake, if not for his. One of my longest trips away from home was the trip I took to Limmeridge, to nurse a half-sister there, who was dying. She was reported to have saved money; and I thought it as well (in case any accident happened to stop my allowance) to look after my own interests in that direction. As things turned out, however, my pains were all thrown away; and I got nothing, because nothing was to be had.

"I had taken Anne to the north with me; having my whims and fancies occasionally about my child, and getting, at such times, jealous of Mrs. Clements's influence over her. I never liked Mrs. Clements. She was a poor, empty-headed, spiritless woman—what you call a born drudge—and I was, now and then, not averse to plaguing her by taking Anne away. Not knowing what else to do with my girl while I was nursing in Cumberland, I put her to school at Limmeridge. The lady of the manor, Mrs. Fairlie (a remarkably plain-looking woman, who had entrapped one of the handsomest men in England into marrying her), amused me wonderfully by taking a violent fancy to my girl. The consequence was, she learned nothing at school, and was petted and spoiled at Limmeridge House. Among other whims and fancies which they taught her there, they put some nonsense into her head about always wearing white. Hating white and liking colors myself, I determined to take the nonsense out of her head as soon as we got home again.

"Strange to say, my daughter resolutely resisted me. When she *had* got a notion once fixed in her mind she was, like other half-witted people, as obstinate as a mule in keeping it. We quarreled finely; and Mrs. Clements, not liking to see it, I suppose, offered to take Anne away to live in London with her. I should have said Yes, if Mrs. Clements had not sided with my daughter about her dressing herself in white. But being determined she should *not* dress herself in white, and disliking Mrs. Clements more than ever for taking part against me, I said No, and meant No, and stuck to No. The consequence was, my daughter remained with me; and the consequence of that, in its turn, was the first serious quarrel that happened about the Secret.

"The circumstance took place long after the time I have just been writing of. I had been settled for years in the new town; and was steadily living down my bad character, and slowly gaining ground among the respectable inhabitants. It helped me forward greatly toward this object to have my daughter with me. Her harmlessness, and her fancy for dressing in white, excited a certain amount of sympathy. I left off opposing her favorite whim on that account, because some of the sympathy was sure, in course of time, to fall to my share. Some of it did fall. I date my getting a choice of the two best sittings to let in the church from that time; and I date the clergyman's first bow from my getting the sittings.

"Well, being settled in this way, I received a letter one morning from that highly-born gentleman (now deceased), whom you and I know of, in answer to one of mine, warning him, according to agreement, of my wishing to leave the town, for a little change of air and scene. The ruffianly side of him must have been uppermost, I suppose, when he got my letter, for he wrote back, refusing me, in such abominably insolent language, that I lost all command over myself, and abused him, in my daughter's presence, as 'a low impostor, whom I could ruin for life, if I chose to open my lips and let out his secret.' I said no more about him than that; being brought to my senses, as soon as those words had escaped me, by the sight of my daughter's face looking eagerly and curiously at mine. I instantly ordered her out of the room until I had composed myself again.

"My sensations were not pleasant, I can tell you, when I came to reflect on my own folly. Anne had been more than usually crazy and queer that year; and when I thought of the chance there might be of her repeating my words in the town, and mentioning *his* name in connection with them, if inquisitive people got hold of her, I was finely terrified at the possible consequences. My worst fears for myself, my worst dread of what he might do, led me no farther than this. I was quite unprepared for what really did happen, only the next day.

"On that next day, without any warning to me to expect him, he came to the house.

"His first words, and the tone in which he spoke them, surly as it was, showed me plainly enough that he had repented already of his insolent answer to my application, and that he had come (in a mighty bad temper) to try and set matters right again before it was too late. Seeing my daughter in the room with me (I had been afraid to let her out of my sight after what had happened the day before), he ordered her away. They neither of them liked each other; and he vented the ill-temper on *her* which he was afraid to show to *me*.

"'Leave us,' he said, looking at her over his shoulder. She looked back over *her* shoulder, and waited as if she didn't care to go. 'Do you hear?' he roared out; 'leave the room.' 'Speak to me civilly,' says she, getting red in the face. 'Turn the idiot out,' says he, looking my way. She had always had crazy notions of her own about her dignity; and that word, 'idiot,' upset her in a moment. Before I could interfere she stepped up to him in a fine passion. 'Beg my pardon, directly,' says she, 'or I'll make it the worse for you. I'll let out your Secret! I can ruin you for life, if I choose to open my lips.' My own words!—repeated exactly from what I had said the day before—repeated in his presence as if they had come from herself. He sat speechless, as white as the paper I am writing on, while I pushed her out of the room. When he recovered himself—

"No! I am too respectable a woman to mention what he said when he recovered himself. My pen is the pen of a member of the rector's congregation, and a subscriber to the 'Wednesday Lectures on Justification by Faith'—how can you expect me to employ it in writing bad language? Suppose, for yourself, the raging, swearing frenzy of the lowest ruffian in England; and let us get on together as fast as may be to the way in which it all ended.

"It ended, as you probably guess by this time, in his insisting on securing his own safety by shutting her up. I tried to set things right. I told him that she had merely repeated, like a parrot, the words she had heard me say, and that she knew no particulars whatever, because I had mentioned none. I explained that she had affected, out of crazy spite against him, to know what she really did *not* know; that she only wanted to threaten him and aggravate him for speaking to her as he had just spoken; and that my unlucky words gave her just the chance of doing mischief of which she was in search. I referred him to other queer ways of hers, and to his own experience of the vagaries of half-witted people—it was all to no purpose—he would not believe me on my oath—he was absolutely certain I had betrayed the whole Secret. In short, he would hear of nothing but shutting her up.

"Under these circumstances I did my duty as a mother. 'No pauper Asylum,' I said; 'I won't have her put in a pauper Asylum. A Private Establishment, if *you* please. I have my feelings, as a mother, and my character to preserve in the town; and I will submit to nothing but a Private Establishment, of the sort which my genteel neighbors would choose for afflicted relatives of their own.' Those were my words. It is gratifying to me to reflect that I did my duty. Though never overfond of my late daughter, I had a proper pride about her. No pauper stain—thanks to my firmness and resolution—ever rested on MY child.

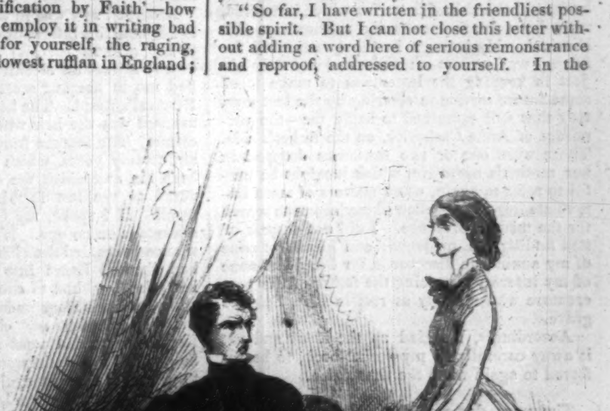
"Having carried my point (which I did the more easily in consequence of the facilities offered by private Asylums), I could not refuse to admit that there were certain advantages gained by shutting her up. In the first place, she was taken excellent care of—being treated (as I took care to mention in the town) on the footing of a Lady. In the second place, she was kept away from Welmingham, where she might have set people suspecting and inquiring by repeating my own incautious words.

"The only drawback of putting her under restraint was a very slight one. We merely turned her empty boast about knowing the Secret into a fixed delusion. Having first spoken in sheer crazy spitefulness against the man who had offended her, she was cunning enough to see that she had seriously frightened him, and sharp enough afterward to discover that *he* was concerned in shutting her up. The consequence was she flamed out into a perfect frenzy of passion against him, going to the Asylum; and the first words she said to the nurses, after they had quieted her, were, that she was put in confinement for knowing his secret, and that she meant to open her lips and ruin him when the right time came.

"She may have said the same thing to you when you thoughtlessly assisted her escape. She certainly said it (as I heard last summer) to the unfortunate woman who married our sweet-tempered, nameless gentleman, lately deceased. If either you, or that unlucky lady, had questioned my daughter closely, and had insisted on her explaining what she really meant, you would have found her lose all her self-importance suddenly, and get vacant and restless and confused; you would have discovered that I am writing nothing here but the plain truth. She knew that there was a Secret—she knew who was connected with it—she knew who would suffer by its being known—and beyond that, whatever airs of importance she may have given herself, whatever crazy boasting she may have indulged in with strangers, she never to her dying day knew more.

"Have I satisfied your curiosity? I have taken pains enough to satisfy it, at any rate. There is really nothing else I have to tell you about myself or my daughter. My worst responsibilities, so far as she was concerned, were all over when she was secured in the Asylum. I had a form of letter relating to the circumstances under which she was shut up given me to write, in answer to one Miss Halcombe, who was curious in the matter, and who must have heard plenty of lies about me from a certain tongue well accustomed to the telling of the same. And I did what I could afterward to trace my runaway daughter, and prevent her from doing mischief, by making inquiries myself in the neighborhood where she was falsely reported to have been seen. But these are trifles, of little or no interest to you after what you have heard already.

"So far, I have written in the friendliest possible spirit. But I can not close this letter without adding a word here of serious remonstrance and reproof, addressed to yourself. In the



"BEG MY PARDON, DIRECTLY."

course of your personal interview with me, you audaciously referred to my late daughter's parentage on the father's side, as if that parentage was a matter of doubt. This was highly improper, and very ungentlemanlike on your part! If we see each other again, remember, if you please, that I will allow no liberties to be taken with my reputation, and that the moral atmosphere of Welmingham (to use a favorite expression of my friend the rector's) must not be tainted by loose conversation of any kind. If you allow yourself to doubt that my husband was Anne's father, you personally insult me in the grossest manner. If you have felt, and if you still continue to feel, an unhallowed curiosity on this subject, I recommend you, in your own interests, to check it at once and for ever. On this side of the grave, Mr. Hartright, whatever may happen on the other, *that* curiosity will never be gratified.

"Perhaps, after what I have just said, you will see the necessity of writing me an apology. Do so; and I will willingly receive it. I will, afterward, if your wishes point to a second interview with me, go a step farther, and receive *you*. My circumstances only enable me to invite you to tea—not that they are at all altered for the worse by what has happened. I have always lived, as I think I told you, well within my income; and I have saved enough, in the last twenty years, to make me quite comfortable for the rest of my life. It is not my intention to leave Welmingham. There are one or two little advantages which I have still to gain in the town. The clergyman bows to me, as you saw. He is married; and his wife is not quite so civil. I propose to join the Dorcas Society, and I mean to make the clergyman's wife bow to me next.

"If you favor me with your company, pray understand that the conversation must be entirely on general subjects. Any attempted reference to this letter will be quite useless—I am determined not to acknowledge having written it. The evidence has been destroyed in the fire, I know; but I think it desirable to err on the side of caution, nevertheless. On this account no names are mentioned here, nor is any signature attached to these lines: the handwriting is disguised throughout, and I mean to deliver the letter myself under circumstances which will prevent all fear of its being traced to my house. You can have no possible cause to complain of these precautions, seeing that they do not affect the information I here communicate, in consideration of the special indulgence which you have deserved at my hands. My hour for tea is half past five, and my buttered toast waits for nobody."

XI.

My first impulse, after reading this extraordinary letter, was to destroy it. The hardened, shameless depravity of the whole composition, from beginning to end—the atrocious perversity of mind which persistently associated me with a calamity for which I was in no sense answerable, and with a death which I had risked my own life in trying to avert—so disgusted me, that I was on the point of tearing the letter, when a consideration suggested itself, which warned me to wait a little before I destroyed it.

This consideration was entirely unconnected with Sir Percival. The information communicated to me, so far as it concerned him, did little more than confirm the conclusions at which I had already arrived. He had committed his offense as I had supposed him to have committed it; and the absence of all reference, on Mrs. Catherick's part, to the duplicate register at Knowlesbury, strengthened my previous conviction that the existence of the book, and the risk of detection which it implied, must have been necessarily unknown to Sir Percival. My interest in the question of the forgery was now at an end; and my only object in keeping the letter was to make it of some future service in clearing up the last mystery that still remained to baffle me—the parentage of Anne Catherick, on the father's side. There were one or two sentences dropped in her mother's narrative, which it might be useful to refer to again, when matters of more immediate importance allowed me leisure to search for the missing evidence. I did not despair of still finding that evidence; and I had lost none of my anxiety to discover it, for I had lost none of my interest in tracing the father of the poor creature who now lay at rest in Mrs. Fairlie's grave.

Accordingly, I sealed up the letter and put it away carefully in my pocket-book, to be referred to again when the time came.

The next day was my last in Hampshire. When I had appeared again before the magistrate at Knowlesbury, and when I had attended at the adjourned Inquest, I should be free to return to London by the afternoon or the evening train.

My first errand in the morning was, as usual, to the post-office. The letter from Marian was there; but I thought, when it was handed to me, that it felt unusually light. I anxiously opened the envelope. There was nothing inside but a small strip of paper folded in two. The few blotted, hurriedly-written lines which were traced on it contained these words:

"Come back as soon as you can. I have been obliged to move. Come to Gower's Walk, Fulham (number five). I will be on the look-out for you. Don't be alarmed about us; we are both safe and well. But come back.—MARIAN."

The news which those lines contained—news which I instantly associated with some attempted treachery on the part of Count Fosco—fairly overwhelmed me. I stood breathless, with the paper crumpled up in my hand. What had happened? What subtle wickedness had the Count planned and executed in my absence? A night had passed since Marian's note was written—hours must elapse still before I could get back to them—some new disaster might have happened already of which I was ignorant. And here, miles and miles away from them, here I must remain—held, doubly held, at the disposal of the law!

I hardly know to what forgetfulness of my obligations anxiety and alarm might not have tempted me, but for the quieting influence of my faith in Marian. Nothing composed me, when I began to recover myself a little, but the remembrance of her energy, fidelity, and admirable quickness of resolution. My absolute reliance on her was the one earthly consideration which helped me to restrain myself, and gave me courage to wait. The Inquest was the first of the impediments in the way of my freedom of action. I attended it at the appointed time; the legal formalities requiring my presence in the room, but, as it turned out, not calling on me to repeat my evidence. This useless delay was a hard trial, although did my best to quiet my impatience by following the course of the proceedings as closely as I could.

The London solicitor of the deceased (Mr. Merriman) was among the persons present. But he was quite unable to assist the objects of the inquiry. He could only say that he was inexpressibly shocked and astonished, and that he could throw no light whatever on the mysterious circumstances of the case. At intervals during the adjourned investigation, he suggested questions which the Coroner put, but which led to no results. After a patient inquiry, which lasted nearly three hours, and which exhausted every available source of information, the jury pronounced the customary verdict in cases of sudden death by accident. They added to the formal decision a statement that there had been no evidence to show how the keys had been abstracted, how the fire had been caused, or what the purpose was for which the deceased had entered the vestry. This act closed the proceedings. The legal representative of the dead man was left to provide for the necessities of the interment; and the witnesses were free to retire.

Resolved not to lose a minute in getting to Knowlesbury, I paid my bill at the hotel, and hired a fly to take me to the town. A gentleman who heard me give the order, and who saw that I was going alone, informed me that he lived in the neighborhood of Knowlesbury, and asked if I would have any objection to his getting home by sharing the fly with me. I accepted his proposal as a matter of course.

Our conversation during the drive was naturally occupied by the one absorbing subject of local interest. My new acquaintance had some knowledge of the late Sir Percival's solicitor; and he and Mr. Merriman had been discussing the state of the deceased gentleman's affairs, and the succession to the property. Sir Percival's embarrassments were so well known all over the county that his solicitor could only make a virtue of necessity and plainly acknowledge them. He had died without leaving a will, and he had no personal property to bequeath, even if he had made one; the whole fortune which he had derived from his wife having been swallowed up by his creditors. The heir to the estate (Sir Percival having left no issue) was a son of Sir Felix Glyde's first cousin—an officer in command of an East Indiaman. He would find his unexpected inheritance sadly encumbered; but the property would recover with time, and, if "the captain" was careful, he might find himself a rich man yet, before he died.

Absorbed as I was in the one idea of getting to London, this information (which events proved to be perfectly correct) had an interest of its own to attract my attention. I thought it justified me in keeping secret my discovery of Sir Percival's fraud. The heir whose rights he had usurped was the heir who would now have the estate. The income from it, for the last three-and-twenty years, which should properly have been his, and which the dead man had squandered to the last farthing, was gone beyond recall. If I spoke, my speaking would confer advantage on no one. If I kept the secret, my silence concealed the character of the man who had cheated Laura into marrying him. For her sake, I wished to conceal it—for her sake, still, I tell this story under feigned names.

I parted with my chance companion at Knowlesbury, and went at once to the town-hall. As I had anticipated, no one was present to prosecute the case against me: the necessary formalities were observed, and I was discharged. On leaving the court, a letter from Mr. Dawson was put into my hand. It informed me that he was absent on professional duty, and it reiterated the offer I had already received from him of any assistance which I might require at his hands. I wrote back, warmly acknowledging my obligations for his kindness, and apologizing for not expressing my thanks personally, in consequence of my immediate recall, on pressing business, to town.

Half an hour later I was speeding back to London by the express train.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

It is generally known, we believe, that the ladies have taken up the much vexed question of the completion of the Washington Monument, and have organized a "Ladies' Washington National Monument Society," for the purpose of collecting the funds required for the purpose. The President of the Society is Mrs. Finlay M. King, of Port Byron, New York; the Secretary, Mrs. Anna W. Cosby, of Washington. At a Convention held at Chicago last September the work was fairly set on foot, and the ladies interested look hopefully forward to the future. The following extract from an address by Mrs. King, which, together with the Constitution, was adopted at Chicago, will explain the aims and method of the Society:

"The expense of the obelisk was originally estimated at $552,000, and the pantheon at a little over this amount, and yet the base, and one hundred and seventy feet of the obelisk, have been erected at an expense of but $230,000. There yet remain $332,000 to be raised, in order to complete the Monument. It is not at all certain that these estimates are accurate; yet, for the want of estimates upon which entire reliance may be placed, we must, for the present, make these the base of our calculations; and I think, with entire confidence in the ability, energy, gallantry, and patriotism the male portion of American society which is represented by the 'Washington National Monument Society,' we may hand over to them the duty of raising $122,000 of this sum, taking upon ourselves the labor of raising the balance, $200,000.

"The plan for the organization of the Society, which I submit herewith, is in the form of a Constitution for the Ladies' Washington National Monument Society. It will be perceived, on examination, that it constitutes the wife of the Master of every Masonic lodge in the United States a collecting agent; and where no lodge exists, it authorizes the appointment of an agent by the County Treasurer, which latter officer is appointed by the Vice-President of the State, District, or Territory in which she may reside. The only exception to the principle of having ladies for all the offices is that of the National Treasurer, and this exception is made only because it is possible that it may become necessary for that officer to exercise the legal authority vested in him by the charter of the Washington National Monument Society, granted by Congress.

"I have not deemed it necessary to require any further security of the officers of the Society for the faithful discharge of their duties than that afforded in the general good character of the women of America, which all will be vigilant to observe.

"The reproach and obloquy of the whole nation, which would follow the delinquent to her grave, must prevent any attempt at dishonesty on the part of the ladies.

"The officers of the Society will have only faithfully to live up to the Constitution in order that the whole system shall be carried into operation, the requisite amount be raised, and the Monument completed.

"I commend the project submitted herewith to the favorable consideration of the ladies assembled at Chicago, and respectfully suggest such revision and amendment of the plan as their wisdom may dictate (for I do not claim it to be perfect); and I ask that the Society may be organized at once, in order that we may proceed to the work thus undertaken.

"It is also respectfully suggested that the officers of the society should not feel themselves restricted, in the collection of funds, to the single mode pointed out by the Constitution, but that they have their husbands, brothers, and friends place contribution-boxes in court-houses at the sitting of courts, at the polls of popular elections, and employ them on other favorable occasions, in order that the whole nation may engage in this great and glorious enterprise."

We trust the fair patriots will be as successful as they deserve.

THE POLICEMAN'S MISTAKE.

AIR—"*Last Rose of Summer.*"

'TWAS the last hour of daylight—
The twilight had come—
When a weary policeman
Was thinking of home;
But he still lingered kindly
On Broadway's wide pave,
For his aid to the ladies
He cheerfully gave.

'Twas the last hour of daylight—
Night's shadows drew nigh—
When close at his elbow
He heard a soft sigh.
At his side stood a lady,
Young, graceful, and small,
In the tip-top of fashion—
Hoops, flounces, and all.

Only one thing displeased him
(Just like all the men!)—
A thick vail o'er her bonnet
Was fastened just then.
That her fair face was hidden,
Provoking it was!
But he whispered, "Dear madam,
Are you wishing to cross?"

And she bowed, but was silent,
As round her he threw
His brave arm to protect her,
And tenderly drew
The sweet *demoiselle* closer
And closer, till they
Had successfully threaded
The maze of Broadway.

When her foot touched the curb-stone
She threw back her vail,
And—oh! oh! consternation!
Policeman grew pale!
Then out spoke the fair lady,
"*Dar, now! lem me go!*
Golly! massa perleese, you
Stop a-huggin' me so!"

'Twas a capital tableau,
Rich, racy, and rare!
How he stood, blank—confounded—
His eyes all a-stare,
Thus to find he'd been hugging
A *darkey*—oh yes!
How he started and *put*, then,
I leave you to guess.

DI VERNON.

NEW UTRECHT, LONG ISLAND.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN INTERVENTION IN MEXICO.

THE *Herald* says: "Recent advices received by the State Department from Europe convey the intelligence that England and France have determined to intervene in Mexico, and enforce the belligerent parties there to establish an armistice for twelve months, and call a convention of popular delegates to arrange the questions at issue between them. Mr. Wyke, the new British Minister to Mexico, will go out in a short time from England with full instructions on the subject.

"Strong representations have been made to our Government by the English and French Cabinets, to induce it to unite in this Anglo-French policy for the arrangement of Mexican affairs; but our policy is so antagonistic to these entangling complications with other governments, and the step itself is likely to involve so many others and such doubtful ones, that Mr. Buchanan will probably not abandon the wise line of conduct he has pursued in our relations with that republic. The results that may attend this action by France and England are very doubtful, and may lead to complications and difficulties not perceptible to cabinets four thousand miles distant from the scene of action."

A SPEECH BY SENATOR DOUGLAS.

Senator Douglas addressed the people of Boston last week; among other things he said:

"The liberties of this country are now put in peril by sectional parties, appealing to sectional passion, sectional prejudice, and sectional ambition, against the peace and harmony of the whole country. [Voices—'That's so.'] On the one hand, you find a great Northern sectional party appealing to the North against the South. [A voice—'That's so.' Another, 'Never!'] On the other hand, you find a sectional party Southward, appealing to the prejudices of the South against the North. The Republican party demand possession of the Federal Government in order that its power may be wielded for the prohibition of slavery where the people want it. [Voices—'That's the talk;' 'That's so.' Others, 'They are right.'] The Southern sectional party demand possession of the Federal Government in order that the whole power of the government may be wielded for the defense and maintenance of slavery where the people don't want it. [Laughter and cheers.] These two sectional parties are in direct conflict with each other, and are producing that 'irrepressible conflict' which can never be reconciled until you recur to the doctrine that Congress shall not interfere with the domestic institutions of the people any where. [Enthusiastic applause.]

WHY CONGRESS NEGLECTS ITS DUTY.

"For the last few years the whole time of Congress has been employed in the discussion of the slavery question, to the exclusion of the important business affecting the whole country. [Voices—'That's so;' 'That's good.'] Whenever you ask your representatives why they did not revise the revenue system in order to defray the expenses of the Government without borrowing twenty millions of dollars a year, they tell you they had not time. [Laughter.] The whole time was occupied in the discussion of slavery, and there was no time to raise money to pay your honest debts. ['Good,' 'Good,' and applause.] When you asked your representatives why it was that the Pacific Railroad had not been made, you were told that there was no time, because the slavery question absorbed the entire session of Congress. When you ask your representatives why it is that the mail system has not been reformed and carried on with vigor throughout the country, you are told that the bill was lost for want of time. [Laughter.] When you ask why it is that you have no overland mail route to the Pacific, and no steam lines, you are told that the slavery question occupied the whole session, and the bills were lost for want of time. [Renewed laughter.] Thus you find that all the great measures which affect the commercial interests, the shipping interests, the manufacturing interests, the industrial interests of the country have been lost for want of time. [Laughter and applause, and cries of 'Good.'] My fellow-citizens, there never will be time to perform the duties for which the Government was made unless you banish forever the slavery question from the halls of Congress, and remand it to the people of each State and each Territory, according to the platform of the Democratic party. [Prolonged and vociferous cheering.] This great principle of non-interference by the Federal Government and popular sovereignty in the States and Territories, is not peculiar to the Democratic party. It was affirmed in the Compromise Measures of 1850; it was affirmed in the Whig platform of 1852, as well as in that of the Democrats; it was affirmed by all national men in those days, and should be sustained by all national, conservative, Union-loving men in the present day. [Loud applause.] My fellow-citizens, I return to you my profound acknowledgments for the kindness which has assembled you together, and for the respectful attention with which this vast assemblage has listened to my desultory remarks [loud cries of 'Go on,' 'Go on']; and again renewing to you my thanks, I beg to take my leave of you, bidding you a good-night." [Loud and continued cheering.]

A BRECKINRIDGE MEETING.

A large meeting took place on 16th in this city, in the Cooper Institute, by that portion of the National Democracy that favors the election of Breckinridge and Lane. The in-door assemblage was presided over by Mr. John H. Brower, shipping merchant, and was addressed by him, by the Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, Captain Marriott, and Mr. A. R. Wood. The outside meeting was presided over by Mr. C. E. Stewart, and was addressed by Mr. Paul B. Bradley, Levi Chatfield, John Van Blom, Isaac Lawrence, and Mr. Lowry. Letters were received from President Buchanan, ex-Governor Stevens, of Washington Territory, Mr. Charles O'Conor, and other distinguished Democrats.

THE BRECKINRIDGE AND LANE CAMPAIGN.

The following circular has been distributed:

"The Constitution and the equality of the States, [illegible]
are the symbols of everlasting Union."

For President.
JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE,
Of Kentucky.

For Vice-President.
JOSEPH LANE,
Of Oregon.

NEW YORK, *July 12*, 1860.

DEAR SIR,—It has become necessary to organize the Democratic party in this State, upon the platform adopted by the Regular National Democratic Convention, held at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, on the 23d day of June last; and for that purpose a State Convention should be held at the earliest practicable moment.

Please furnish me the names of two gentlemen, in each Assembly district in your county, known friends to Breckinridge and Lane, with their authority to use their names in a call for a State Convention to nominate an electoral ticket and candidates for State offices for the coming election. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

AUGUSTUS SCHELL,
Member of the National Democratic Committee for the
State of New York.

PROSPECTS OF THE MORMONS.

The *Tribune* says: "A pleasant hour with Captain Walter M. Gibson, just returned from a winter's sojourn with the Latter-Day Saints at Salt Lake, has supplied us with some additional items of interest respecting that singular people and their fortunes.

"The oft-revived story of the Mormons wishing or consenting to sell out their landed possessions in Utah, is a baseless fabrication. They like that country better and better; they are vanquishing the difficulties and impediments incidental to pioneer adventure; and are fast surrounding themselves (at least the magnates are) with the comforts of civilized life. Of cattle and grain they have good store; sheep are multiplying among them; woolen factories are beginning to turn out fabrics; excellent porcelain clay has been discovered among them, and emigrants from the English potteries will soon be converting it into elegant and serviceable wares.

* * * * * * *

"Some new valleys have been recently opened to settlement—mainly north and east of the Salt Lake—that are greatly liked. They of course lie higher than the Lake Valley, and have a sharper climate; but they have also more wood, more water, better grass, and other allurements. They are rapidly filling with settlers.

* * * * * * *

"The rumor of a purposed sale (or tender of sale) of their present possessions to the Federal Government, had probably just this foundation: There are many converts to the faith of the Saints now living in India, China, Australia, and the other countries washed by the Pacific and Indian Oceans. These it is not convenient to gather to the Land of Promise, yet they expect and desire that a place of refuge shall be found or made for them. This will probably be located on New Guinea or some other isle of the South Seas. We presume Captain Gibson—whose long residence and adventures in the Indian Ocean are well known—has been conferring with the Apostles with reference to such location; but this may or may not be. We believe he expects to return to the Mormon Zion next fall."

THE "GREAT EASTERN."

On Monday afternoon, July 30, the *Great Eastern* will go to Cape May, with one hundred of Dodsworth's musicians, and a few thousand ten-dollar passengers; land them at the Cape in two large Philadelphia steamboats, take a new crowd of Philadelphians on board, steam down to Hatteras and back, exchange passengers once more, and return to New York on Wednesday. After that date she will be anchored in the stream, and no more visitors will be received on board till she sails for England on the 16th of August. On Wednesday, 18th, attracted by the Zouaves and the fine weather, nearly 9000 people paid their half-dollars to inspect her internal arrangements. On her way home she will touch at Halifax, to land passengers who may desire to take a trip in her to see the ceremonies attendant upon the reception of the heir to the British throne.

THE WALTON MURDER.

Charles Jefferd, the son of Mrs. Walton, has been charged by the Coroner's verdict with the murder of Mr. Walton. When the verdict was brought in the following colloquy took place:

THE CORONER (*to the prisoner*). "You are at liberty to answer or not the questions I put to you. What is your name?"

The prisoner, in a calm and measured tone, free from the least agitation or excitement, responded: "Charles M. Jefferd."

THE CORONER. "How old are you?"

THE ACCUSED. "I am twenty-one years of age."

THE CORONER. "Where were you born?"

THE PRISONER. "City of Washington, District of Columbia."

Q. "Where do you live?"

A. "In the city of New York."

Q. "What is your occupation?"

A. "Clerk."

Q. "Have you any thing to say, and if so, what, in relation to the charges preferred against you?"

JEFFERD. "I am entirely innocent of this charge, and I am advised by my counsel to retain my witnesses for the unbiased consideration of the Grand Jury of this county. Therefore, at this time, and before this jurisdiction, I have nothing further to say."

[The prisoner then affixed his name to the statement just made.]

THE CORONER (*to the younger Jefferd*). "Edwin, you are cleared by the Jury. The officers will take charge of the prisoner, Charles Jefferd, and take him to the Tombs."

He was removed in custody.

FREDERIC HOFFMAN COMMITTED.

The examination of Frederic Hoffman, the alleged defaulting Secretary of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, held before Justice Connolly, at the Jefferson Market Police Court, was concluded on Thursday. The prisoner was committed to await trial on four distinct and separate charges—two for illegal issue of stock and two for forgery. The amount of bail was fixed at $22,000, to reduce which an application will be made to the Supreme Court.

ANOTHER STEAMBOAT DISASTER.

The *Pennsylvania*, of the Philadelphia and Richmond line, caught fire by spontaneous combustion, as is supposed, on Thursday night, in the James River, near Jamestown, and was entirely destroyed, involving the loss of the lives of three children. The flames spread very rapidly, and the survivors had barely time to save themselves on rafts, the fire preventing access to the boats. The children were lost from the upsetting of one of the rafts, it being found impossible in the darkness to rescue them. A storm also prevailed at the time, which rendered the scene still more horrible. The survivors were finally taken from the rafts by another steamer, which providentially came to the scene of the disaster before it was too late.

A MURDERER LYNCHED.

The Burlington (Iowa) *Hawkeye* of the 7th gives the following account of the last scenes in the life of Kephart, the murderer of Mrs. Willis and her two children:

"At an early hour of July 5, the people began to assemble upon the ground where, according to report, Kephart would be hung. The place chosen was on the left bank of Cedar Creek, upon the road leading north from Batavia to Abingdon, about a hundred yards or more from the bridge that spans the creek. The writer arrived upon the ground about 10 A.M., and already a hundred or more people were waiting, and the scaffold was in a state of erection, while two men were busy digging the grave. By noon two thousand people at least had gathered to witness the execution, which was a novelty, perhaps, to the majority; and on the right bank of the creek, fronting the scaffold, and the place where the bodies of the murdered woman and children had been found, the women, who numbered three or four hundred, were seated, and as it seemed, were as merry as though they had been invited to a bridal scene.

"At 12 o'clock a messenger arrived with the intelligence that the mob had broken into the jail at Fairfield, and taken the prisoner from the power of the law, despite the eloquent speeches that had been spoken in behalf of legal justice, and were fast approaching. At 2 P.M. a distinguished citizen of Agency stepped upon the scaffold, and made a short, nervous harangue to the multitude, in which he approved the proceedings throughout; and in which he remarked that he professed to be a God-fearing man and law-abiding citizen, but when devils came from hell we should send them back. At 3 o'clock, Kephart—the murderer, the victim—climbed the ladder and stood upon the engine of death. Time had been given him to make a confession, and as it had not expired, he was allowed to sit down, to pass as easily as possible the few remaining moments of his life. At 3¼ o'clock, he was forced upon the trap-door, a white handkerchief having been tied around his head to hide his face from the gaze of the eager spectators. By calls from numerous voices, the handkerchief was removed for a few moments, to allow the multitude to look upon his countenance, and to allow him a last look at the bright sunlight. The handkerchief was replaced, and unconfessed, without a word, the rope was cut, and he hung suspended between heaven and earth."

MORE AFRICANS AT NEW ORLEANS.

We read in the New Orleans *Delta* of 12th: "A few days ago, within about twenty-four hours of the successful landing of a gang of negroes, in Mobile Bay, twenty-three remarkably fine fellows, field hands, were placed on board of the Mobile steamer for this city, and having safely arrived, are to be sold on Friday, at the St. Charles Hotel, by Julian Neville. There is much discussion and inquiry as to the character of these negroes, whether they are of the recent, or whether they are a portion of the one hundred and ninety for whom graves were dug at Key West, but who, unreasonably enough, preferred rather the comfortable quarters of our river plantations to such narrow accommodations as Uncle Sam proposed to furnish them. One of the lot, a boy of seventeen, weighs one hundred and seventy, and is over six feet high. It is supposed he is of the Bozalo tribe, and that his father was a renowned warrior of that warlike race.

"The landing of a cargo of Africans right under the nose of Judge Campbell, the most ferocious of all the foes of the traffic, is certainly a very audacious act. The time, too, selected for the landing adds to the gravity of the offense. The Judge's recent ponderous charge to the Grand Jury, and eloquent exhibition of the horrors of the middle passage, had just been delivered, and orders had just been given to the United States Marshal to pursue all offenders under the statute. Judge Jones's decision, that it was no violation of the Act of Congress to buy negroes which had been imported, has been set aside. And yet, in face of all this peril and responsibility, some daring adventurer succeeds in landing a gang of good hands in time for the picking season, which will be a valuable addition to our utterly inadequate force of agricultural laborers. 'Can such things be?'"

SAD END OF A CHILD.

The Newark *Mercury*, of 16th inst., publishes the following: "Several notices have recently been published concerning a child named Thomas Henry Finley, aged 4½ years, who disappeared on July 5, having followed from home the band of the Turners, who held a picnic that day. His dead body was found on Saturday near the Kossuth Woods on 'the Neck,' by Mr. William Stevens, who was gunning. The barking of his dog in a marsh having attracted his attention, he went to the spot and found the body almost imbedded in mud. The child had evidently followed the procession to the vicinity, and having started to return to his home on the hill, over the meadows, had become fastened in the mire, and perished from exposure and hunger. During the night of the 5th his cries were heard, but nothing unusual was suspected, and no search was undertaken. The eyes and nose of the unfortunate lad had been eaten away, probably by musk-rats, and the body was otherwise mutilated. One thumb was in his mouth, showing that in the agony of starvation the lad had attempted to relieve himself. He had perhaps lingered in this horrible condition for two or three days, under a broiling sun by day, and exposed to cold at night, and finally perishing. The case is one of the most affecting that has occurred for a long time. Coroner Craven announced the sad intelligence to the bereaved parents, and the scene that followed was very touching."

PERSONAL.

Lieutenant Thomas T. Houston, of the United States Navy, died on board the steamer *Iroquois*, in the Bay of Naples, on the 26th ult. Lieutenant Houston had been ill of the remittent fever for more than three weeks. During the attack upon Palermo by Garibaldi it was found impossible to remove him to the hospital on shore; and afterward, when the kind General gave up an apartment in the hospital to a number of our sick, it was found that Lieutenant Houston could not bear the removal. He was a son of John H. Houston, Esq., of Washington City.

One of the recent *on dits* of London is that Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer has become reconciled to his wife, and that they are about to live together again.

The sorrowful widow of Hicks waited, in company with a priest, many weary hours, on Friday evening, at the Cemetery of the Holy Cross, at Flatbush, for the arrival of the body of her husband, at which she desired to take a last look before it was interred. It did not arrive; and she learned, when too late, that it had been conveyed to Calvary Cemetery, in Queen's County, and there interred by mistake.

The Montreal *Herald* announces the death in that city of the Hon. John Molson, whose name was from the first connected with steam navigation upon the St. Lawrence.

A correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal* at Sing Sing says that "the female department is one of the most interesting portions of the prison. The walls of their little cells are adorned with evidences of their taste. Passing into the work-room, we found them engaged in sewing. The celebrated Mrs. Robinson, better known as the vailed murderess, was busily plying away with her needle; as we entered, she averted her head, as is her custom when visitors enter. She is a matronly and refined-looking woman; but the changeful turning of her dark eye betokened the condition of the mind within."

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, writing from Havana, says of a recent banquet:

"I noticed among the guests (but only for a moment) 'Mr. Post,' late known as Isaac V. Fowler, of New York, who appeared to be in good health and spirits, and who devotes most of his time to the study of Spanish pronunciation."

The Rev. Dr. Chapin preached on Sunday evening for the last time here till next September, as his church will be closed until that time. During the vacation he will, as usual, pass a few weeks in New England, and has promised to preach in the School Street, Warren Street, and Hollis Street churches, in Boston, and in the Universalist Church in Roxbury.

A young lady named Miss Hudson, of this city, one of the guests at the Columbia Springs Hotel, Columbia County, on Tuesday last, during a heavy shower of rain, stepped to the window of her room to empty a wash-bowl, and while in the act of so doing was suddenly seized with a fainting turn. She dropped the bowl instantly, and at the same time losing her balance, fell after it on to the veranda, some thirteen feet below. The only serious injuries she received were in consequence of striking upon the fragments of the bowl, which cut her face and one hand quite badly. She is now rapidly recovering from the effects of the accident.

An interesting feature in the approaching Commencement at Yale College will be the meeting of the surviving members of the Class of 1822. They have come together regularly at intervals of ten years, beginning with the year 1830; and out of the number of seventy-six at their separation there are still living forty-six members. Among the names familiar to the public may be mentioned the Rev. Edward Beecher, the Hon. John A. Rockwell, of Connecticut, the late John M. Holley, of the House of Representatives, Judge William Rockwell, of the Supreme Court of New York, the Rev. Walter Colton, Chaplain in the Navy, the Hon. Osmyn Baker, Member of Congress from Massachusetts, the Rev. William Crosswell, and the Rev. Dr. Todd.

Hon. Jefferson Davis and family are at the Astor House. The Senator, we believe, usually spends a portion of his summers in the Northern States.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who has recently returned from a European tour, is at Andover.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

THE proceedings of the British Parliament reported by the last steamer, are interesting. In both Houses the revolution in Southern Italy had been discussed, and the speakers evinced the warmest sympathy for the Garibaldi movement. The resolutions of Lord Palmerston, on the Privilege question, had been carried *seriatim* in the House of Commons. Lord John Russell, in answer to a question, had stated that General Harney had been recalled by the United States Government for not carrying out the arrangements of General Scott for the solution of the San Juan dispute.

A RUNAWAY MATCH.

The Cork *Examiner* has the following: "A circumstance occurred on last Sunday at Queenstown which, on account of the appearance of mystery and romance surrounding it, has afforded much food for gossip to the residents of Queenstown. A few days before a young lady of extraordinary personal attractions arrived at the Queen's Hotel, and remained there until Sunday, under the name of Mrs. Carr. On Sunday, a handsome, fashionably-dressed gentleman called at the hotel and inquired for Mrs. Carr; and the lady, who had her luggage ready packed, paid her bill, and both proceeded on board the steamship *Persia*, for New York. There being nothing unusual in the circumstance, the departure of the pair excited no attention; but in about two hours after the sailing of the *Persia* the proprietor of the hotel received a telegram from Dublin, offering a reward of £100 for the detention of the lady. It was then, however, too late."

The Tipperary *Examiner*, however, in the following extract, seems to throw some light on the strange departure of the Carrs: "On Monday last, a young gentleman residing near Clonmel was suddenly missed by his family, whose exertions to discover his whereabouts proved fruitless. During the search it turned up that the cook of the house was also absent, and no account could be had of her. It was ascertained, next morning, that both cook and master had eloped, the latter taking with him all his valuables, and that they had arrived in Cork *en route* to America. The cook, who had resided with the family for several years, is reported to lean more strongly to the Turkish than to the Irish ideal of feminine beauty. The gentleman is good-looking and accomplished, and will be entitled to considerable property on arriving at age."

FRANCE.

THE PARIS CONFERENCE.

At latest dates the acquiescence of all the Powers in the proposed conference was considered certain, and it will be held in Paris during the month of October. The Powers will be represented by their embassadors."

FUNERAL OF PRINCE JEROME.

We read in the Paris correspondence of the London *News:* "The funeral of Prince Jerome, like all splendid spectacles, attracted a great crowd. The day was fine, but somewhat sultry. The line of the procession ultimately decided upon—the Rue Rivoli, Place de la Concorde, and the Pont des Invalides—enabled the greatest number of people possible to have a good view of the gorgeous pageant. The Tuileries gardens, which it was for a time feared would be closed, were kept open as usual, and the terraces which command the Place de la Concorde and line the railing of the Rue Rivoli, were closely packed from an early hour. The Place de la Concorde itself was not so full as I have often seen it on an illumination night; but still the troops and National Guards were hemmed in on either side by very dense masses, occupying, perhaps, half the vast arena. The shops were not generally closed, and although nothing could be more respectful than the attitude of the crowd as the coffin passed, there was nothing at all like that universally pervading sentiment of a really national mourning such as has been witnessed on former occasions—at the funeral of the Duke of Orleans, for instance. The troops lined the whole route from the gates of the Palais Royal to those of the Invalides. The clergy of St. Roch, assisted by the Emperor's chaplains, took charge of the corpse, and marched before and by the side of it, carrying lighted wax tapers. The funeral car was the very one used for the interment of the lamented Duke of Orleans, but it had been redecorated, and was resplendent with silver ornaments. The pall-bearers were, M. Fould, Minister of State; Admiral Hamelin, Minister of Marine; Marshal Vaillant, and M. Troplong, the President of the Senate. Prince Napoleon was the chief mourner, and it was much remarked that he appeared profoundly afflicted. He followed the coffin bareheaded, wearing a black cloak over his general's uniform. The marshals commanding districts had been summoned to Paris to take part in the ceremony, and marched behind Prince Napoleon. Marshals Niel and Canrobert and the Duke of Malakoff were recognized by the crowd with much interest. A number of mourning and other carriages followed. The procession was so long that it took upward of two hours to defile. Cardinal Morlot, Archbishop of Paris, performed the funeral service; and after an oration by the Bishop of Troyes, which will doubtless be published in the *Moniteur* to-morrow, the body was lowered into the vault of the chapel of St. Jerome, which the deceased Prince some time since selected for his resting-place. Nothing could exceed the splendor of the mourning decorations of the chapel.

"The crowd on the Place des Invalides broke through the lines of the police, and I hear that an old man was killed, and a woman taken with premature labor in consequence of fright."

A NEW INVENTION.

Among the novelties which the scientific world has lately heard of is the invention of an Italian—a Florentine monk, it is said—who has devoted many years to the study of electricity and telegraphic matters. He has some extraordinary inventions, which he is submitting to the Emperor of the French. It is stated that among them is a discovery of the means of transmitting *fac-similes* of handwriting and manuscripts from station to station, so that a telegraphic dispatch may become a legal document. He can also transmit a likeness by this agency, to be reproduced at the other end of the wire.

ITALY.

THE LATEST FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

Telegrams from Sicily say that General Garibaldi was marching on Messina. The General was about to receive large supplies, both of men and stores; about 2000 men were to sail for Sicily from Genoa, where great numbers of volunteers are assembled; and a French house is said to have taken a contract for some thousands of revolvers, rifles, and muskets for Garibaldi's service.

The Royalist forces for the defense of Messina were computed at 20,000 men.

Naples, at latest dates, was tranquil, and the proclamation of martial law had been rescinded. The Neapolitan Assembly, it is stated, is convoked for the 10th of September. The Constitution of 1848 has been proclaimed anew, and its restoration has been accompanied by the re-establishment of the Press laws enacted in 1848 and 1849. These concessions of the King have created no confidence in the minds of the people.

It is asserted in various quarters—and the language of the *Opinione* of Turin would seem to justify the assertion—that France is urgently pressing the Sardinian Cabinet to listen to the overtures of the King of Naples and consent to the conclusion of an alliance between Naples and Piedmont. The Government of the latter kingdom does not conceal its aversion to the proposition.

The Sicilian Embassador to France had reached Turin.

GARIBALDI WANTS MORE GUNS.

The following letter from General Garibaldi to the Chairman of the Central Italian Committee, in London, has been published:

"COMADO GENERALE DELLO ESERCITO NATIONALE,
PALERMO, *June* 24, 1860.

"SIR,—One of our friends suggests to me that, in laying before your Committee the urgent need that we have of a flotilla, it would be possible to obtain a couple of steamers armed with Armstrong guns.

"We have already so many proofs of the sympathy and of the generosity of the English toward us that I have ventured to make this proposal to you.

"Will you convey to your worthy coadjutor the expression of my most lively gratitude, and that of all Italy?

From your devoted,

"G. GARIBALDI."

GARIBALDI'S POLICY.

We read in the Paris *Débats:* "Garibaldi has decidedly convoked the electors for the 18th inst., to vote on the question of annexation to Piedmont. Universal suffrage is to decide the question. No Parliament will be convoked, as was at first believed and stated, by persons little acquainted with present usages. Garibaldi is in a hurry. As for his designs, universal suffrage, which judges promptly, deciding by yes or no, and wastes no time in hearing the endless harangues of rival speakers, is undoubtedly far better than a Parliament in which all parties might openly propose and advocate their own solutions, and in which it would be necessary to spend weeks and months in listening to the expression of hopes and regrets. While a decisive act is being prepared in Sicily, the Turin Chamber of Deputies openly manifests its repugnance to any alliance with Naples. In the sitting of the 29th ult., it heard with unmistakable favor two of its members, natives of Southern Italy, M. Mancini and M. Poerio, declare that their experience allows them to place but little faith in the concessions of Naples, and who certainly have better reasons than others for denouncing that Government in no measured terms. 'What!' exclaimed M. Mancini, 'King Francis II. now implores Piedmont to form an alliance, and not a month ago M. Carafa accused Count Cavour of being in league with a pirate and filibuster!' M. Mancini adjured the Sardinian Cabinet to declare that it would repulse the overtures of the Neapolitan Cabinet; and to do so in terms as outspoken as diplomatic usages permit."

THE REAL ROMAN GOVERNMENT.

A foreign paper says: "There is at Rome a government within the ostensible government. Although great mystery envelops the proceedings of this hidden government, we are enabled, by advices received from a reliable source, to give the names of the principal members of what must be termed the 'Superior Committee.'

"First in the list is a nobleman who is completely under the domination both of his mother—a La Rochefoucauld and a legitimist affiliated and most devoted to the Jesuits—and of his wife, a Belgian lady, of the same character as the mother. The wife is now in Paris. The following is the list:

"The Duke Salviati; the Marquis Patrizi; the Count Lubinski; the Marquis Pio Capranica; the Marquis Serlupi.

"The palace Pamfili, in the Piazza Navona, serves as rendezvous for these Conciliabules.

"Around this committee are grouped Monsignori de Merode, Bedini, Borromeo, and Berardi; this last being the spokesman for Cardinals Wiseman, Villecourt, and De Reisac. The principal organization has been formed in imitation of Mazzini. Committees are appointed in each zone; their duties are to obtain information of the inhabitants, who are divided into three classes—the liberals, the suspected, and the clerical. This is done according to advices obtained from the curés, and from the established as well as secret police.

"As the turn of affairs is becoming more and more grave, a President has been appointed for this hidden government at Rome, in the person of Monsignor Laschiavo, a Calabrian, warmly recommended by the King of Naples. A Vice-President has also been appointed—Monsignor Sibilia. The Secretary is Pasqualoni, an adjunct of the police.

"This committee seeks, through the action of the nuncios, the bishops, the legitimists, and the clergy in France, to excite animosity and opposition against the government."

REFORMS AT ROME.

According to last advices, the reforms which the Papal Government had decided upon granting were to be promulgated shortly in a *motu proprio.* Among other concessions, the Pope grants to the Consulta of State a deliberative vote on all financial questions, in which, until now, it had only a consultative vote; but these reforms are to be granted on condition of the integrity of the patrimony of St. Peter being guaranteed.

The Papal Government had released the political prisoners in the Romagna.

THE IRISHMEN GOING HOME AGAIN.

The Vienna correspondent of the London *Times* says, that on the 29th ult. thirty-nine Irishmen returned from Trieste to Vienna. In the evening they all assembled in front of the British Embassy. The men, some of whom were almost in rags, were to be sent at once to the frontiers as paupers, under the escort of police, the British Government not being inclined to pay their expenses home, as they acted contrary to law when they entered the service of a foreign potentate.

GERMANY.

AN AMERICAN KILLS A MAN IN A DUEL.

A letter from Berlin, in the Paris *Constitutionnel*, has the following: "The general subject of conversation here is a duel which took place on the 20th, between the young Count Henckel de Donnersmark and the brother of a lady to whom he had been engaged. The Count received a ball in the body, and now lies dangerously ill at Aix-la-Chapelle. The cause of the meeting is said to be a marriage broken off between the lady, whom the Count had known in Paris, and who had even accompanied him into Silesia. A short time before the day fixed for the union the Count received a letter containing disclosures which induced him to give up the connection. The parents of the lady sent for her brother from America. This latter is said to have treated a medical man who was on the ground with great brutality, because he uttered an exclamation of grief and pity when he saw the Count fall. When the latter was struck, his pistol, falling from his hand, went off, and was nearly wounding one of his seconds."

A QUEER MARRIAGE.

The matrimonial union of Prince Peter of Arenberg with the Countess Dowager Caroline of Stahremberg, *née* Countess Kaunitz, was recently celebrated with great pomp at the Cathedral St. Stephen's, Vienna, in the presence of the whole of the *beau monde* of the Austrian metropolis. The story of this marriage is not uninteresting. Prince Peter is no less than seventy years old, and his new consort, the celebrated Count Kaunitz's daughter, is sixty-one. In early youth both loved each other tenderly, and would have married but for the opposing wish of their respective parents. Prince Peter of Arenberg had to lead a daughter of Prince Charles de Talleyrand to the altar, and the young Countess of Kaunitz was united to a graf of Stahremberg. Years flowed on; both the former lovers came to have children of their own; both, probably, had cares of their own; and thus their lives rolled on as most human lives do. But, singularly enough, both the husband of Caroline of Kaunitz and the wife of Peter of Arenberg died at the same time, and accident throwing the two old friends once more together, they courageously resolved to carry out their original intention and get married. Hence the ceremony in the temple of St. Peter, at Vienna.

SYRIA.

THE RELIGIOUS WAR.

Advices from Beyrout to the 21st ult. state that the Druses, reinforced by hordes of plundering Kurds and Bedouins, had attacked the town of Zahli, the last refuge of the Christians. The town was entirely burned down, and 1000 Christians were murdered.

Dheir el Kamar, in consequence of the inhabitants having been unarmed, was plundered and deserted.

Other acts of incendiarism, pillage, and murder had been perpetrated by the "anti" Lebanons. It was said that the children at the school Malahala had been killed, notwithstanding they were under the protection of the French flag, and that the French Consul had sent to withdraw the children from the Catholic colleges.

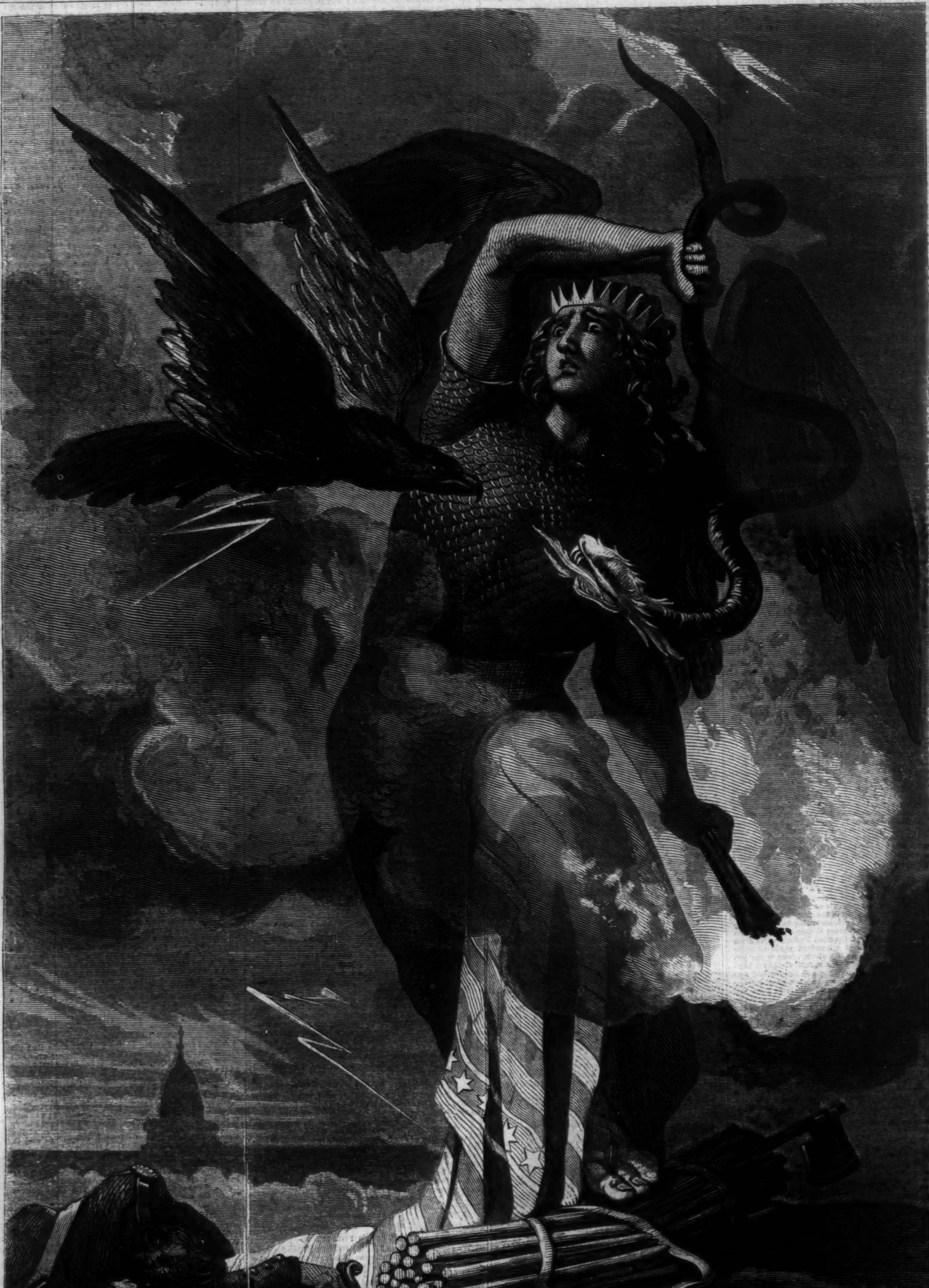
The Turkish military reinforcements had not arrived at Beyrout.

Fresh details of the outrages upon Christians in Syria having come to hand France has notified the Turkish Government of her intention jointly with other powers to stop the massacres.

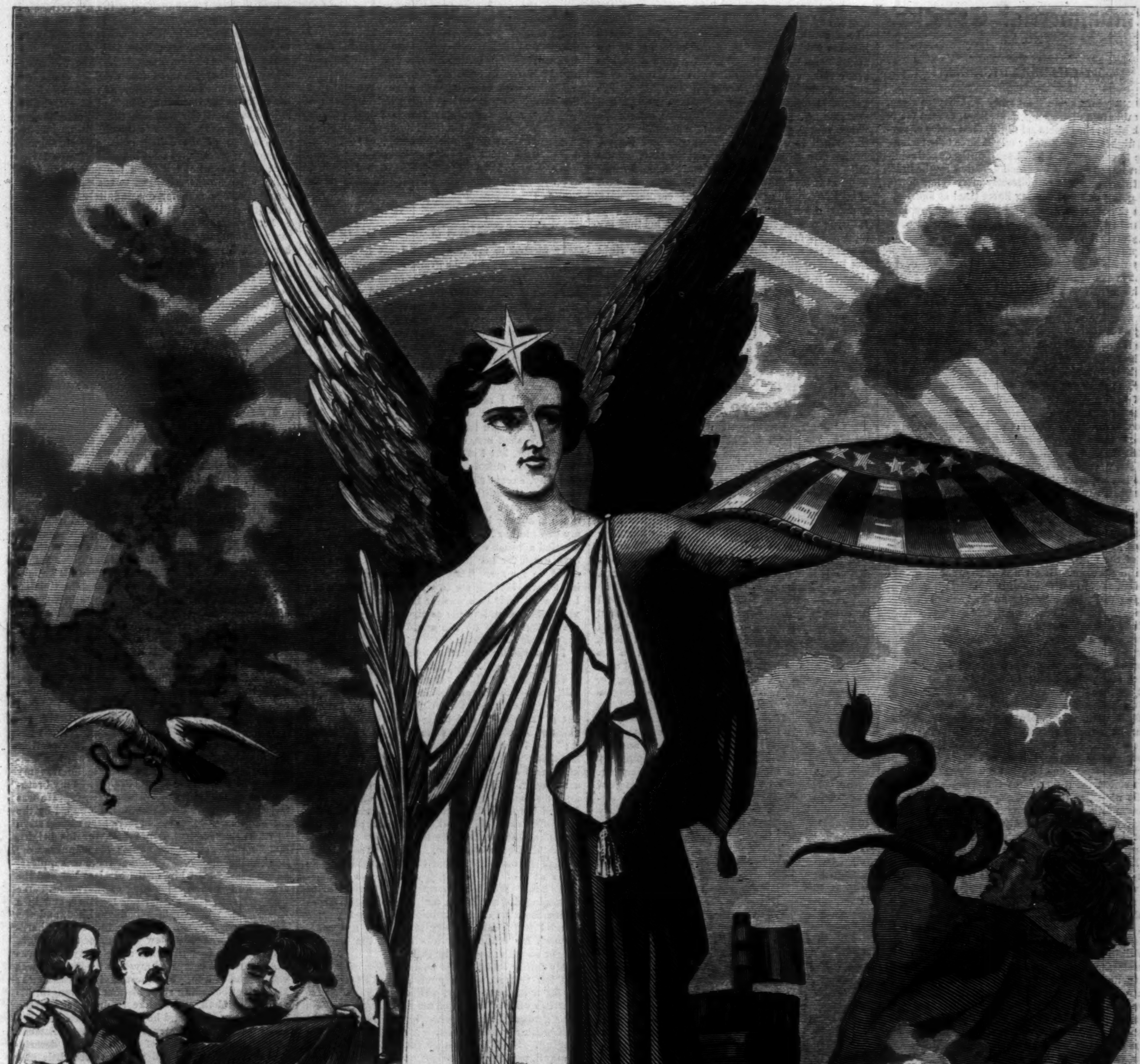
INDIA.

THE FATE OF EMILY WHEELER.

The fate of Miss Emily Wheeler, daughter of General Wheeler, commander at Cawnpore before the massacre, seems to have been definitely ascertained. Some months ago it was roundly asserted that she was still living with the sowar who was said to have carried her off, and that she wished to hide her sorrows and her shame alike in oblivion. A native spy, who has been tracing her fate for several months, has learned that she was carried off from Cawnpore by Nizam Ali Khan, Rathan, a sowar of Rampore. A fellow-trooper thus describes him: "Age 22 or 23 years, a fair complexion, height about 5 feet 7 inches, long nose, dark eyes, wears a beard and small mustache." The statement is, that this fellow was accompanied (from Cawnpore) by his wife and sister; but that, on some quarrel taking place among them all one night, his wife became estranged from him, and that thereupon he went and killed the young lady (Miss Wheeler) in the jungle, and cast her body into a dry well. Such, I heard, was the account they gave of him, and that they had also declared that he perished soon after in the battle at Bootwal in a very miserable manner.



THE SPIRITS ABROAD—THE SPIRIT OF DISUNION.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J. McNevin inv.

THE SPIRITS ABROAD—THE SPIRIT OF UNION.

THE Uncommercial Traveler.

NO. XI.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

SOME years ago a temporary inability to sleep, referable to a distressing impression, caused me to walk about the streets all night, for a series of several nights. The disorder might have taken a long time to conquer if it had been faintly experimented on in bed; but it was soon defeated by the brisk treatment of getting up directly after lying down, and going out, and coming home tired at sunrise.

In the course of those nights I finished my education in a fair amateur experience of houselessness. My principal object being to get through the night, the pursuit of it brought me into sympathetic relations with people who have no other object every night in the year.

The month was March, and the weather damp, cloudy, and cold. The sun not rising before half past five, the night perspective looked sufficiently long at half past twelve: which was about my time for confronting it.

The restlessness of a great city, and the way in which it tumbles and tosses before it can get to sleep, formed one of the first entertainments offered to the contemplation of us houseless people. It lasted about two hours. We lost a great deal of companionship when the late public-houses turned their lamps out, and when the potmen thrust the last brawling drunkards into the street; but stray vehicles and stray people going home were left us, after that. If we were very lucky, a policeman's rattle sprang and a fray turned up; but, in general, surprisingly little of this diversion was provided. Except in the Haymarket, which is the worst kept part of London, and about Kent Street in the Borough, and along a portion of the line of the Old Kent Road, the peace was seldom violently broken. But it was always the case that London, as if in imitation of individual citizens belonging to it, had expiring fits and starts of restlessness. After all seemed quiet, if one cab rattled by half a dozen would surely follow; and Houselessness even observed that intoxicated people appeared to be magnetically attracted toward each other, so that we knew, when we saw one drunken object staggering against the shutters of a shop, that another drunken object would probably stagger up before five minutes were out, to fraternize or fight with it. When we made a divergence from the regular species of drunkard—the thin-armed, puff-faced, leaden-lipped gin-drinker—and encountered a rarer specimen of a more decent appearance, fifty to one but that specimen was dressed in soiled mourning. As the street experience in the night, so the street experience in the day; common folk who come unexpectedly into a little property, come unexpectedly into a deal of liquor.

At length these flickering sparks would die away, worn out—the last veritable sparks of waking life trailed from some late pieman or hot-potato man—and London would sink to rest. And then the yearning of the houseless mind would be for any sign of company, any lighted place, any movement, any thing suggestive of any one being up—nay, even so much as awake, for the houseless eye looked out for lights in windows.

Walking the streets under the pattering rain, Houselessness would walk and walk and walk, seeing nothing but the interminable tangle of streets, save at a corner, here and there, two policemen in conversation, or the sergeant or inspecter looking after his men. Now and then in the night—but rarely—Houselessness would become aware of a furtive head peering out of a door-way a few yards before him, and, coming up with the head, would find a man standing bolt upright to keep within the door-way's shadow, and evidently intent upon no particular service to society. Under a kind of fascination, and in a ghostly silence suitable to the time, Houselessness and this gentleman would eye one another from head to foot, and so, without exchange of speech, part, mutually suspicious. Drip, drip, drip, from ledge and coping, splash from pipes and water-spouts, and by-and-by the houseless shadow would fall upon the stones that pave the way to Waterloo Bridge; it being in the houseless mind to have a halfpenny-worth of excuse for saying "Good-night" to the toll-keeper, and catching a glimpse of his fire. A good fire and a good great-coat and a good woolen neck-shawl, were comfortable things to see in conjunction with the toll-keeper; also his brisk wakefulness was excellent company when he rattled the change of halfpence down upon that metal table of his, like a man who defied the night, with all its sorrowful thoughts, and didn't care for the coming of dawn. There was need of encouragement on the threshold of the bridge, for the bridge was dreary. The chopped-up murdered man had not been lowered with a rope over the parapet when those nights were; he was alive, and slept then quietly enough, most likely, and undisturbed by any dream of where he was to come. But the river had an awful look, the buildings on the banks were muffled in black shrouds, and the reflected lights seemed to originate deep in the water, as if the spectres of suicides were holding them to show where they went down. The wild moon and clouds were as restless as an evil conscience in a tumbled bed, and the very shadow of the immensity of London seemed to lie oppressively upon the river.

Between the bridge and the two great theatres there was but the distance of a few hundred paces, so the theatres came next. Grim and black within, at night, those great dry Wells, and lonesome to imagine, with the rows of faces faded out, the lights extinguished, and the seats all empty. One would think that nothing in them knew itself at such a time but Yorick's skull. In one of my night walks, as the church-steeples were shaking the March wind and rain with the strokes of Four, I passed the outer boundary of one of these great deserts, and entered it. With a dim lantern in my hand I groped my well-known way to the stage, and looked over the orchestra—which was like a great grave dug for a time of pestilence—into the void beyond. A dismal cavern of an immense aspect, with the chandelier gone dead like every thing else, and nothing visible through mist and fog and space but tiers of winding-sheets. The ground at my feet where, when last there, I had seen the peasantry of Naples dancing among the vines, reckless of the burning mountain which threatened to overwhelm them, was now in possession of a strong serpent of engine-hose, watchfully lying in wait for the serpent Fire, and ready to fly at it if it showed its forked tongue. A ghost of a watchman, carrying a faint corpse-candle, haunted the distant upper-gallery and flitted away. Retiring within the proscenium, and holding my light above my head toward the rolled-up curtain—green no more, but black as ebony—my sight lost itself in a gloomy vault, showing faint indications in it of a shipwreck of canvas and cordage. Methought I felt much as a diver might at the bottom of the sea.

In those small hours when there was no movement in the streets, it afforded matter for reflection to take Newgate in the way, and, touching its rough stone, to think of the prisoners in their sleep, and then to glance in at the lodge over the spiked wicket, and see the fire and light of the watching turnkeys on the white wall. Not an inappropriate time either to linger by that wicked little Debtor's Door—shutting tighter than any other door one ever saw—which has been Death's Door to so many. In the days of the uttering of forged one-pound notes by people tempted up from the country, how many hundreds of wretched creatures of both sexes—many quite innocent—swung out of a pitiless and inconsistent world, with the tower of yonder Christian Church of Saint Sepulchre monstrously before their eyes! Is there any haunting of the Bank Parlor by the remorseful souls of old directors, in the nights of these later days, I wonder, or is it as quiet as this degenerate Aceldama of an Old Bailey?

To walk on to the Bank, lamenting the good old times and bemoaning the present evil period, would be an easy next step; so I would take it, and would make my houseless circuit of the Bank, and give a thought to the treasure within; likewise to the guard of soldiers passing the night there, and nodding over the fire. Next I went to Billingsgate, in some hope of market-people; but it proving as yet too early, crossed London-bridge, and got down by the water-side on the Surrey shore among the buildings of the great brewery. There was plenty going on at the brewery; and the reek, and the smell of grains, and the rattling of the plump dray horses at their mangers, were capital company. Quite refreshed by having mingled with this good society, I made a new start with a new heart, setting the old King's Bench prison before me for my next object, and resolving, when I should come to the wall, to think of poor Horace Kinch, and the Dry Rot in men.

A very curious disease, the Dry Rot in men, and difficult to detect the beginning of. It had carried Horace Kinch inside the wall of the old King's Bench prison, and it had carried him out with his feet foremost. He was a likely man to look at, in the prime of life, well to do, as clever as he needed to be, and popular among many friends. He was suitably married, and had healthy and pretty children. But, like some fair-looking houses, or fair-looking ships, he took the Dry Rot. The first strong external revelation of the Dry Rot in men is a tendency to lurk and lounge; to be at street-corners without intelligible reason; to be going any where when met; to be about many places rather than at any; to do nothing tangible, but to have an intention of performing a variety of intangible duties to-morrow or the day after. When this manifestation of the disease is observed, the observer will usually connect it with a vague impression once formed or received, that the patient was living a little too hard. He will scarcely have had leisure to turn it over in his mind and form the terrible suspicion "Dry Rot," when he will notice a change for the worse in the patient's appearance: a certain slovenliness and deterioration, which is not poverty, nor dirt, nor intoxication, nor ill-health, but simply Dry Rot. To this succeeds a smell as of strong waters in the morning; to that, a looseness respecting money; to that, a stronger smell as of strong waters at all times; to that, a looseness respecting every thing; to that, a trembling of the limbs, somnolency, misery, and crumbling to pieces. As it is in wood, so it is in men. Dry Rot advances at a compound usury quite incalculable. A plank is found infected with it, and the whole structure is devoted. Thus it had been with the unhappy Horace Kinch, lately buried by a small subscription. Those who knew him had not nigh done saying, "So well off, so comfortably established, with such hope before him—and yet, it is feared, with a slight touch of Dry Rot!" when lo! the man was all Dry Rot and dust.

From the dead wall associated on those houseless nights with this too common story, I chose next to wander by Bethlehem Hospital; partly because it lay on my road round to Westminster; partly because I had a night-fancy in my head which could be best pursued within sight of its walls and dome. And the fancy was this: Are not the sane and the insane equal at night as the sane lie a dreaming? Are not all of us outside this hospital, who dream, more or less in the condition of those inside it, every night of our lives? Are we not nightly persuaded, as they daily are, that we associate preposterously with kings and queens, emperors and empresses, and notabilities of all sorts? Do we not nightly jumble events, and personages, and times, and places, as these do daily? Are we not sometimes troubled by our own sleeping inconsistencies, and do we not vexedly try to account for them or excuse them, just as these do sometimes in respect of their waking delusions? Said an afflicted man to me, when I was last in a hospital like this, "Sir, I can frequently fly." I was half ashamed to reflect that so could I—by night. Said a woman to me on the same occasion, "Queen Victoria frequently comes to dine with me, and her Majesty and I dine off peaches and maccaroni in our night-gowns, and his Royal Highness the Prince Consort does us the honor to make a third on horseback in a Field-Marshal's uniform." Could I refrain from reddening with consciousness when I remembered the amazing royal parties I myself had given (at night), the unaccountable viands I had put on table, and my extraordinary manner of conducting myself on those distinguished occasions? I wonder that the great master who knew every thing, when he called Sleep the death of each day's life, did not call Dreams the insanity of each day's sanity.

AN OLD MAN'S MEMORIES.

IT seemed to me to-day, as I sat listening in Magdalene Chapel to the grand old organ, and the boys' clear, fresh voices singing some anthem that has been heard there for these hundred years, and watching the soft evening light as it came mellowed through the painted windows, just falling on the picture over the altar, and bringing out clear the quaint carving of the oak stalls, that only I had changed through the long, long years since I first sat there a feeble child, weeping from very fullness of heart—it all seemed to me so beautiful.

How well I remember that day (so long past now) when I first went to the chapel. The last notes of the organ had died away, the young men had all rushed out, eager to escape from the enforced quiet, but I still sat in a corner of the dark Anti-Chapel, quietly crying; I could hardly have told why, except that the music seemed to understand my thoughts and express my feelings as I could not have done in words. I need not say much about my home, but I was not happy there; my *own* mother had been long dead—my father had married another wife; and it was no wonder they both cared for her handsome boy more than they could do for me. They were never unkind, only indifferent, leaving me to wander as I liked: but I knew all their love was for Hugh, a bright, winning child, as unlike me as they could wish; and the thought that no one could care for me was very bitter sometimes.

I was suddenly startled by a light hand being placed on my shoulder, and a gentle voice asking "what ailed me?" I raised my eyes and saw a tall, gray-haired man looking down upon me so kindly, I could not feel frightened. He led me out of the chapel, and made me sit by him in the cloisters outside, bidding me "tell him all about it;" and I did open all my childish heart to him, for there was an earnest simplicity and gentle kindliness about him that made me forget he was a stranger. He listened very patiently, asking me questions as I went on. When I told him how I loved the music because it seemed to me a friend, he smiled and told me it was he who played the organ and taught the boys to sing, and asked me if I would like to learn too. I said "Yes;" but it seemed as unreal a dream that I should ever do so as any of the bright, joyful dreams I sometimes had. We soon separated; but good Martin Flemming did not forget me (he never did forget where there was any kindness to be done). He found I had some capacity for music; and soon, through his influence, I was one of the boys he taught so patiently and lovingly.

My father failed in his business soon after this, and left Oxford, with my mother and little brother, for a distant colony, willingly consenting to Martin's offer of adopting me as his own son—an offer generously made when he saw how it would half-break my heart to leave him and give up my singing. So I lived on at the old gray house a tranquil, peaceful life, loving my dear master more and more daily. We were quite companions, notwithstanding the difference in our age. I was too feeble to join in the sports of my school-fellows, and much preferred wandering about with him in the lovely college gardens, hearing all the many traditions of the time-worn buildings, reading to him the old books he loved and I learned to love too, and helping him to pet and play with his darling Jessie, a delicate, pretty little child, whom he loved better than any thing on earth, for her young mother had died when she was born, some four years past.

She was always fond of me, awkward boy though I was; and I, ever grateful for affection, was soon her willing slave. It was not a hard bondage, for she was gentle and tender-hearted like her father, though full of life and gayety. Dear little Jessie! how she used to flit along the cloisters to meet me when I came from school, her bright, curly hair blown back from her smiling, innocent face, and her blue eyes sparkling with pleasure because "Stephen had come back to play with and take care of her!" What delicious rambles we had together by the river-side! Then, when she was tired, I would sit on the roots of one of the old willows pretending to read, but finding it impossible not to look at the little fairy figure, half-hidden in the tall butter-cups and grass, or not to listen to the eager, silvery voice, forever proclaiming some wonderful discovery of hidden flower or bright insect. Then, going home in the twilight, she would be half-frightened under the arches of the long avenue of the elm-trees, though we both liked the mysterious light that came through their thick foliage; but when the wind sighed through the branches mournfully her little hand would clasp mine more tightly, and she ceased her innocent prattle for a time. Those were very happy days, and year after year went by all too quickly. I received a good education at the chorister's school; I liked my studies, and they said I learned easily and remembered well. Master Flemming (as he bid us boys call him) had no ambition for himself, but often said he would like to see me a scholar of the college before he died; and I felt I must not any longer be dependent on his charity. So I toiled hard, and was successful. I was elected scholar of M——e; and at the end of my under-graduate's course, having obtained (to me) unexpected honors, I remained on at the old college as tutor and lecturer.

Jessie had grown up to womanhood now, though as childlike in her simplicity and trusting innocence as when I first knew her. She was very lovely, and her frailness and delicacy made her even more so. I used to fancy, as she hung about her father, cheering his age and, alas! increasing infirmities, that she was like the delicate flowers that gave such brightness to the old gray, mullioned windows of the college; he always seemed younger when she was by him. I always loved her; and I can not tell when the protecting love of an elder brother changed to the deep, passionate love of the man for one infinitely better and purer than himself, but it had so changed. I never betrayed this by look or word; it was only in my most sanguine day-dreams that I hoped to win her so to love me in return. How could she, so young, so fair, dream of linking her fate to such as I was? It was bliss enough for the present to be with her daily—to know that she cared for and trusted in me. I would not for worlds disturb her innocent confidence in "Brother Stephen," as she still called me, but I inwardly vowed that the one object of my life should be to guard her from sorrow, and, if possible, to keep her happy and peaceful as she was then; in my presumption and blindness forgetting that others might pluck my cherished flower from me.

My father had never returned to England. He had prospered greatly, and was a rich man now. His letters were always full of praises of my little brother Hugh; his beauty, his wit, his popularity were a never-failing theme. I often longed to see the boy, whom I remembered a bold, imperious, yet winning little fellow, and now my wishes were to be gratified. Hugh was coming to England before finally settling in the colony, and meant to spend some time in Oxford, picking up what instruction he could in an irregular way there. This news caused great excitement in our quiet household. Martin Flemming insisted upon his becoming an inmate of his house, and when the time of his coming drew near, Jessie was quite in a flutter of shy expectation. Her life had been so very quiet with two grave, studious men as her only companions, the arrival of an unknown guest was a great event to her. How lovely she looked as we sat watching for him that bright summer evening, in her simple white dress and blue ribbons, the corn-flowers (I had jestingly bid her wear because they matched the color of her eyes) placed in her sunny hair! How timidly she shrunk behind her father when Hugh came, and I went out first to greet and bring him in; and how prettily she forgot her shyness and came forward to welcome him as an old friend because he was my brother! I could hardly believe he was my brother, he was so unlike me in every way. He was tall and dark; his face, which was bronzed by the sun and long voyage, would have been almost stern in its regularity had it not been for his bright, laughing eyes and ready smile; his manners were frank and winning. Altogether there was a pleasant mixture about him of the careless lad and the man who has seen something of the world. We were all soon like old friends together, and in a few days Jessie's shyness had vanished, and she was her own gay, simple self again. I could hardly believe I was only a few years older than Hugh. I never knew how little life and gayety there was about me till I compared myself with him. I was very proud of him, yet almost envious sometimes; his active, bounding step, his manly strength, his very idle mirth, and dislike to dry books, had a charm about them, and he soon was a favorite with every one—from Master Flemming, who listened with the eager pleasure of a child to his description of far-off places and people, to the little bird Jessie had rescued from some cruel boys and brought home to nurse and pet, and who listened, delighted, to his cheery whistle. I perhaps was the only one who could see any fault in him; and I thought I discerned the old selfishness and imperiousness, though so pleasantly vailed where he chose to please, I did not wonder they remained undiscovered.

During the ensuing winter and early spring I saw very little of them. I was young and inexperienced in my various offices, and it was only by dint of hard work I could fill them, as I thought, worthily. It was very difficult to leave the pleasant little room, with the bright fire throwing a ruddy glow on the carved oak book-cases and cherished books; Martin Flemming in his easy-chair, Jessie seated on a low stool at his feet, his hand playing with her curls, while her little fingers busied themselves over some bit of work, or let it drop idly to listen better to Hugh, whose tall figure looked taller in the fire-light as he leaned against the mantle-piece, amused with Jessie's eager attention to the adventures he told with such spirit, seeming quite content to pass his evenings in their quiet society, unheeding the numerous invitations of his young companions. I used to hear their merry singing voices as I sat poring over my books and papers in my little den up stairs, or, harder to resist, Jessie's fresh young voice singing the grand old music her father loved, or some simple ballad to please Hugh; then Martin would move to the instrument and play fragments of Handel, Beethoven, or Mozart, linking altogether in an unbroken chain of harmony as he alone could do; and though I could not see them, I knew how Jessie and Hugh talked more quietly, or sat silent in the fire-light, subdued, not saddened, by the thrilling chords and plaintive melodies, and the music was still a friend to me, as it had been long ago and is still; and now it spoke of budding hopes and happy dreams, till the bell in the old tower, tolling the rapidly passing hours, recalled me to my books and prosaic life again.

Spring was returning again, the tall elms were budding, the meadows daily growing greener, the ivy on the gray buildings putting forth fresh sprouts. Master Flemming had been ailing all the winter, and it grieved me that he did not improve with the spring. He had given up his post of organist; it was sometimes too much for him now to mount the steep stairs to the organ-loft. It may have been fancy, but he never seemed to me the same afterward; and now his strength gradually declined Jessie was not uneasy, she never doubted his perfect recovery, and often talked cheerfully of what he would do when he was quite well again. He never contradicted her; but he knew that he was failing, and would often speak to me in his simple, trustful way of death and heaven. I think his heart had been there ever since the young wife he loved so well died. It was only when he talked of Jessie that he seemed unwilling to leave this world. He reproached himself bitterly for not having thought of providing for her; he never had saved; what he did not absolutely need he gave away; "and now my little one will be left a helpless orphan with none but you to care for her;" and as he said this bitter tears ran down the old man's cheek. I could not bear this; so I told him all I felt, and hoped, and feared—how my love for Jessie had strengthened with my strength and grown with my growth, till now it seemed a part of my nature. He was much moved. I believe he loved me more than any other human being has loved me since; and when I saw how relieved he was, I was glad to have spoken so openly. He promised me faithfully not to reveal one word of this to Jessie; he had never ceased to regard her as a little child, and thought it far better not to "startle her by such things yet a while;" but he felt so sure all would be as I wished it—so perfectly sanguine of my success—I could not help being influenced by his words, and hoped more and feared less than I had hitherto done.

March and April glided away, the first of May had come. On that day the choristers of the college always assemble on the top of the chapel tower at daybreak to sing certain anthems. It has been the custom for hundreds and hundreds of years, and I hope will be so for many years to come, for the effect is very touching and beautiful. Jessie and I had never missed going since the time we were children together—and I was so proud to sing with the other boys. Master Flemming used to carry Jessie (then a tiny little thing) up the long, dark staircase, from which she was so glad to emerge on to the high tower, and while we sang she would stand by his side with that look of rapt happy thought one only sees in childish faces. Dear as she was to me then, and fair as I had thought her, she was still dearer now, and still more fair. She and Hugh stood together looking over the same book; her blue eyes were cast down, their long lashes resting on her soft cheek, and an ineffable smile was on her slightly parted lips. I did not wonder at Hugh's undisguised look of admiration She did not see it. She was evidently in some happy dreamland of her own, which harmonized with the soft yet joyful music.

It was a lovely morning, warmer and brighter than May days often are. I lingered after the singing was ended to feast my eyes on the view. The morning sun shone clear on the numerous spires and towers of the city, showing their exquisite proportions and tracery; the gardens, with their glorious trees and bright flowers, relieved the sombre gray of the colleges and halls, and the river flowed still and clear, fringed with its silver willows, through the low meadows gay with the fritillary and other early flowers; beyond lay green fields and woods, and the blue hills in the far distance. I thought I had never seen it look so beautiful before; it has never looked so beautiful since to me. A shadow fell on my life that day which has never quite passed away.

I had gone behind one of the buttresses to see better some point of view, when I was startled by hearing voices near me, for I thought I had been left alone there. I listened, idly at first, but soon with only too intense an interest. It was Hugh who spoke, and he was telling of fervent love, utter devotion, pleading earnestly and eloquently—and, oh misery! it was Jessie's voice that answered him. I could not hear the broken words at first; but soon, too soon, she confessed that she returned his love. Why did I not die at that moment? Words are faint to express what I felt—grief, shame, anger, were all there. I could not move, I could not speak, I could not listen; I could only feel that the hope of my life was gone, my Jessie lost to me forever I had been so utterly blind and presumptuous; a poor dreaming fool—and yet, he could not love her as I loved her. And then came burning indignation against Hugh; why was he ever to thwart and triumph over me? what had I done that I was not to be blessed as other men were? was a mere idle boy indeed more worthy of her than I who had worked and waited so many years? They had long gone down together—the sky had overcast, and the rain and wind were beating against the tower; but I still stood there brooding over my wrongs and misery till the bell began to ring for morning prayers. Even then habit prevailed, and I went down mechanically through the cloisters, and into my place in the chapel. I felt as though I were in a hateful dream, but knew that from this dream there would be no waking, and my heart was full of dark, evil thoughts; but soon the organ began a low, plaintive voluntary. I tried to harden myself against its influence, but it softened me even against my will, seeming to my excited fancy as if an angel pleaded with me; and as the touching strain continued, my anger vanished, my shame lessened, my heart was melted, and I could pray—pray for help, for strength, for comfort—pray as we only can pray when our heart's idols are breaking, what we have clung to escaping our grasp, and we find our utter inability to stand alone. At last tears relieved me, and I rose up strengthened if not comforted. It was her happiness I had always desired, should I repine because hers was not mine too? I could bear all if Hugh proved worthy, and I would not doubt him; his love for her would make him so, and purify him from his faults; but for me! O God! how could I bear the long blank life from which it seemed to me then all the sunshine had fled forever?

I went to my usual duties that morning, doing all mechanically, seeing through every thing the fair, downcast face; hearing the broken voice murmur to another words I had madly dreamed of hearing spoken to myself. I went home at night so sad and weary; it was hard to bear Hugh's radiant gladness, and almost a relief that Jessie looked pale and tearful, and was too preoccupied to notice any change there might be in my looks or manner. She was with her father most of the evening; he was worse than usual, and had kept his room for some days. I saw she had not told him any thing, for he talked cheerfully of indifferent subjects, and he never could keep any thing from me. Dear, guileless Martin Flemming! he never could dissemble or imagine that others could; in innocence, and faith, and charity, his heart was like a little child's.

I could not sleep much that first miserable night; wretched dreams and waking thoughts haunted me. I rose early, and went into the little garden Jessie tended so carefully. It was a lovely morning, the sun shone, the birds sang; the flowers I so lately delighted in oppressed me with their gay colors—every thing was in such contrast to myself. I was sitting listlessly on the rude stone bench I had put up there in happier days, when light footsteps startled me, and Jessie seated herself on the grass at my feet: she put her hand in mine, as she always used to do in childish days; she was too shy to look up in my face with the old wistful glance, as she said, "Stephen, dear, I want you to help me, and tell me what I ought to do." I knew what she would ask me; I had seen in her anxious gaze at her father and then at Hugh, the night before, how divided she was in her great love to them both. For a moment I felt as if I could not answer her calmly; but her cold hand trembled so in mine, her half-hidden face was so agitated, I soon thought only of soothing and helping her, as I had always done in her little troubles. I told her (God heard the anguished prayer I offered up for help and courage, or I never could have done it), "that I knew what she would tell me; that she and Hugh loved one another, but that she could not bear to leave her old father even to go with him; could hardly bear telling him she had thought of it"—the fast-falling tears and silent pressure of my hand told me I had guessed right —"but that she must not blame herself for loving Hugh as she did: it was no sin." Here Jessie raised her eyes to mine with a glance of happy pride through her tears, and said, "Did I not wonder Hugh could care for such a childish little thing as she was? I was very clever to guess it all so well; she thought I never understood such things; and now I would make every thing straight and easy, as I always did." Oh, Jessie, how your gentle heart would have grieved had you known the pain your innocent words gave me! We talked long together. She told me Hugh was sure his father would consent to his bringing out an English wife, but that he never would be induced to let him settle in England; indeed he had no means to make it possible. My heart sank as I thought of Jessie in a strange land, among utter strangers; but she had no misgivings for herself. Hugh was every thing to her; but how could she leave her father? I foresaw a speedy answer to this question, but I had not the heart to tell her how fast I thought Master Flemming was sinking. I knew that grieving for me would sadden his remaining days if he knew how things stood; so I advised Jessie not to speak, or let Hugh speak to him, till my father answered the letter Hugh had written, asking for his consent to their marriage. Letters were answered but slowly in those days; "and by that time," Jessie interrupted me to say, cheerfully, "he may be so much better there will be no fear of agitating him." And she, child-like, wiped her tears away, and sprinkled her cheeks with water from the quaint old fountain, that Hugh might not find her "looking pale and ugly;" and then flitted like a butterfly among her flowers, gathering a nosegay for her father's room. She told me before I left her that "I had made her happier, as I always did when I talked to her;" and it lightened my heavy heart to find that I could still do so, and made it more easy for me to shake hands with Hugh, whom I met coming in at the garden-gate, and wish him joy. I sometimes think he must have partly guessed my feelings, he was so confused, and muttered something about my great kindness; and he always avoided being alone with me, and was silent and reserved if we were. He had never liked me, and I could not wonder at it. I had none of the qualities he most prized; and felt it natural enough that he was often ashamed of his shy, awkward, book-worm of a brother.

I studied harder than ever; I was writing a book, interesting only to scholars, more to force my thoughts from myself, and to please Martin Flemming, than from any hope of fame or reward. He had somewhat revived lately, and could sometimes sit for hours in the sunny little garden, where he could hear, though faintly, the organ and choristers. He hardly seemed to care for any thing now but music and his old books, chief among them the Bible and Milton. He had unloosed his soul from earthly cares, and would talk of another life as if he had already partly entered into its peace and joy. We were sitting together in the garden one bright Sunday morning; it was a very calm day, and the music in the chapel floated to us more distinctly than I had ever heard it before. Martin's eye glistened as he sat listening; when it ceased, he told me one of the voices had sounded like his dear young wife's. "How I have pined to hear that sweet voice again! and it is one of my blessed thoughts that I shall soon hear it in heaven, never to have it taken from me. I am glad the Bible says so much about music; it seems to make it right to love it so dearly and feel it a holy thing. She made me promise before she died that I would never neglect it in my grief for her, but always love it for her sake—she knew how it would comfort me."

The organ began again, and he sat up to listen even more eagerly than before, when quite suddenly he fell back fainting. I was much alarmed, but he soon partially recovered, and begged to be taken into the house. He was much better when Jessie and Hugh came in, but we all saw that a change had come over him, and felt what it meant. He was quite conscious, but did not speak, except a few soothing words to Jessie, who sat by his bed, pressing her soft cheek on his withered hand, almost stunned, poor child, by the suddenness of the blow, for she knew now he was dying. Toward the evening he wandered a little, and when the chapel bell rung begged to be allowed to go and play the organ; but a few words soon recalled him to himself, and he smiled joyfully, saying "he would hear music no more till he heard the heavenly choir, and his wife's voice singing among the angels." He then lay quite still, and we thought he slept, for the bright smile was still on his face; but it was sleep from which he woke no more in this world — his guileless spirit passed away to heaven that calm, starry night.

I will not dwell on the mournful days that followed; it was Jessie's first real sorrow, and her grief was terrible for a time. God forgive me that even then it made mine so much more unbearable that it was Hugh who comforted her, Hugh who first won a smile by talking of brighter days to come; of a love stronger, deeper than that of a father's; and her cheek became less pale, and her tears flowed more quietly as she listened.

How, at that time, I envied my dear master's quiet rest in the grave! He needed me no more; there was no one left to miss me if I died; the only one who had ever really prized my love was gone, and my life seemed darker than ever.

The days went by; Jessie's step was regaining its lightness, and her voice its gay tone. It vexed me to see that, after a little, Hugh grew impatient of her grief, and hardly concealed that he was so; and she, woman-like, would meekly conceal all traces of it when he was by, trying to be just as she was when she first won his love. It sometimes frightened me to see the intensity of her utter devotion to him; he loved her too, but there was the old imperiousness in his very love. His father's willing consent to his marriage came all too soon, and Hugh's impatience was not to be withstood. A ship was soon going out; they were to be married immediately, and sail in her. The letter was kind; and for Hugh's sake, if not for her own, I trusted they would receive his wife lovingly. As the time drew near, Jessie needed all my powers of sympathy and consolation to soothe her mingled hopes and fears; and I would not fail her when she needed me, though none can tell what agony was in my heart to part with her—my little, tender, gentle Jessie—to part with her too probably forever! It seemed more than I could bear. It was well the last days were hurried: had that wretched time lasted longer I should have broken down altogether; as it was I went through it all calm, unflinching, even that most miserable day of all which made her Hugh's wife, and on which he bore her away from me forever. How she wept when we parted, and sobbed out that no one could ever be so patient and good to her as I had been, and that she would never, never forget me. And though he spoke to her gently, I saw a dark shade on Hugh's face as he led her away; her pale child-like face turned toward me, her loving eyes uplifted to mine, but even before she passed the door she tried to smile up in Hugh's face, and bid him "not think she repented going any where, leaving any thing, with him."

I never saw her again, and never may in this world; but her every look and tone still dwells in my memory, never to be effaced from it, till I see her again in heaven.

I had a long illness after this; the exertions I had made were more than my weak frame could bear. I hoped and prayed that I might die; but God in His mercy spared me, to learn resignation and submission to His will—and in the long days and nights of pain and weary loneliness that followed, I trust I learned to submit my will to His, and know and love Him as my friend.

I recovered, though slowly. I had to leave the familiar house, where all my happiest days were spent for my rooms in the College; my books were still with me, and after a time I found interest in them and in my duties, and every day my past life became more like a dream, and my sorrow less acute.

In due time a letter came from Jessie. What a strange thrill the writing gave me! and I thought of the time when I taught her little hand to trace the letters, and her merry laugh when her curls would fall on the paper and blot out the strange, misshapen characters. It was a very happy letter, full of Hugh's virtues and kindness, "and how popular he was, and how proud she felt to be his wife, and how unworthy;" and there were affectionate words for me too, and promises never to forget my brotherly love and counsels, all written in her simple, childlike, loving way. I was happier for a time after that letter and those that followed for some months but after that it seemed to me there was a tinge of sadness in them, deepening more and more. "She was not so strong as she had been, and Hugh was often away, and when he was at home she was much alone, because she was not able to be as gay as he was, and he would grow dull staying in alone with only her;"—then there was a long pause, and I heard nothing, and when a letter did come in the dear hand, it was so unsteady and different from the usual clear writing I hardly recognized it. "She had been very ill, and Hugh would not let her write letters, because he said it tired her; he did not know how she liked to write to me, and think and talk of the dear old home, or he would not have prevented her; she did so long to see it again, and thought she might yet get strong again if Hugh could spare time and money to bring her back there for a little; but this he could not do, and he said she was getting quite well again, but she did not think so herself." Then she went on to say "she feared she had not prized her old, peaceful, happy home, and the tenderness and care she had ever met there, as she ought to have done, and prayed me to forgive her seeming ingratitude; she understood better now how precious and rare such constant loving care was." Poor Jessie, her artless words showed but too plainly that the sorrows and trials which I would gladly have given my life to save her from had come upon her—perhaps to be borne only for a short time; and when I thought what misery every neglect or unkindness would be to her gentle, clinging heart, I almost hoped it might be so. But oh! as I sat by my lonely fireside, and pondered over what was and what might have been, it seemed hard that my cherished flower had been taken from me to droop and wither in a strange land. What would I give to be near her, to help and comfort as of old? But God's ways are not as our ways, and He was preparing joy and love for her such as I could not give; for it was the perfect joy and perfect love we may only find in heaven. I watched and waited wearily through that long, dark winter for tidings from C——; but my heart misgave me when the wished-for letter came, for it was from Hugh. I knew what he had to tell me before I read, for as I hastily opened the letter a tress of golden hair dropped at my feet. What fond memories turned round that sunny curl!—the little laughing child running to meet me, her hair streaming in the wind—the fair girl resting her head on her father's knee, his hand fondly parting the drooping curls—the sad, weeping orphan, her hair hanging disordered over her black dress—the proud young wife, smilingly bidding her husband notice how "she had put away all her long locks under her bonnet, because it made her look less like a child"—all her winning looks and ways came back upon me. Jessie, my own, cherished darling, was this to be the end of all? Bitter tears dropped on the precious lock of hair, and for a time I could find no comfort.

Poor Hugh! if his affection for her had ever grown less, her death had revived it. His letter was written in great grief, and bitter self-reproach that he had never seen how ill she was, and had so often left her lonely. He dwelt on her meek patience through all her sufferings, and gentleness to all. She spoke of me nearly at the last, and bid them send me a lock of her hair, with her dear love. She seemed quite happy and peaceful from the time they told her that she must die, only anxious to comfort Hugh, and delighting in his tender cares for her, though they come too late to save. He said he felt now how utterly unworthy he had proved himself of the treasure that had been given to his keeping, and that he felt I never could forgive him.

When my sorrow had grown more calm, I wrote to him such words of comfort and brotherly sympathy as I thought he would like best; but the answer (which was long of coming) was constrained and short—the repentant mood had evidently left him, and I fear his misfortune only left him a colder, harder man. I did not often hear of him after this; he married again, and has grown-up sons and daughters—all strangers to me.

Since that mournful winter my life has glided by calmly and uneventfully, and it has not been unhappy. All the sadness has faded from the old memories, and they have made many a solitary hour seem not lonely. I have always remained poor and weak; but I have been enabled to be of use to those poorer than myself, freely giving the instruction they could not afford to pay for, and the gratitude (if not the affection) of many has cheered my path. I am old and failing now, and may humbly hope that soon this worn-out frame will rest under the stones of the cloister where in life I so often lingered—and my spirit join those I loved so deeply and lost so long ago, in that bright world where parting and sorrow are unknown.

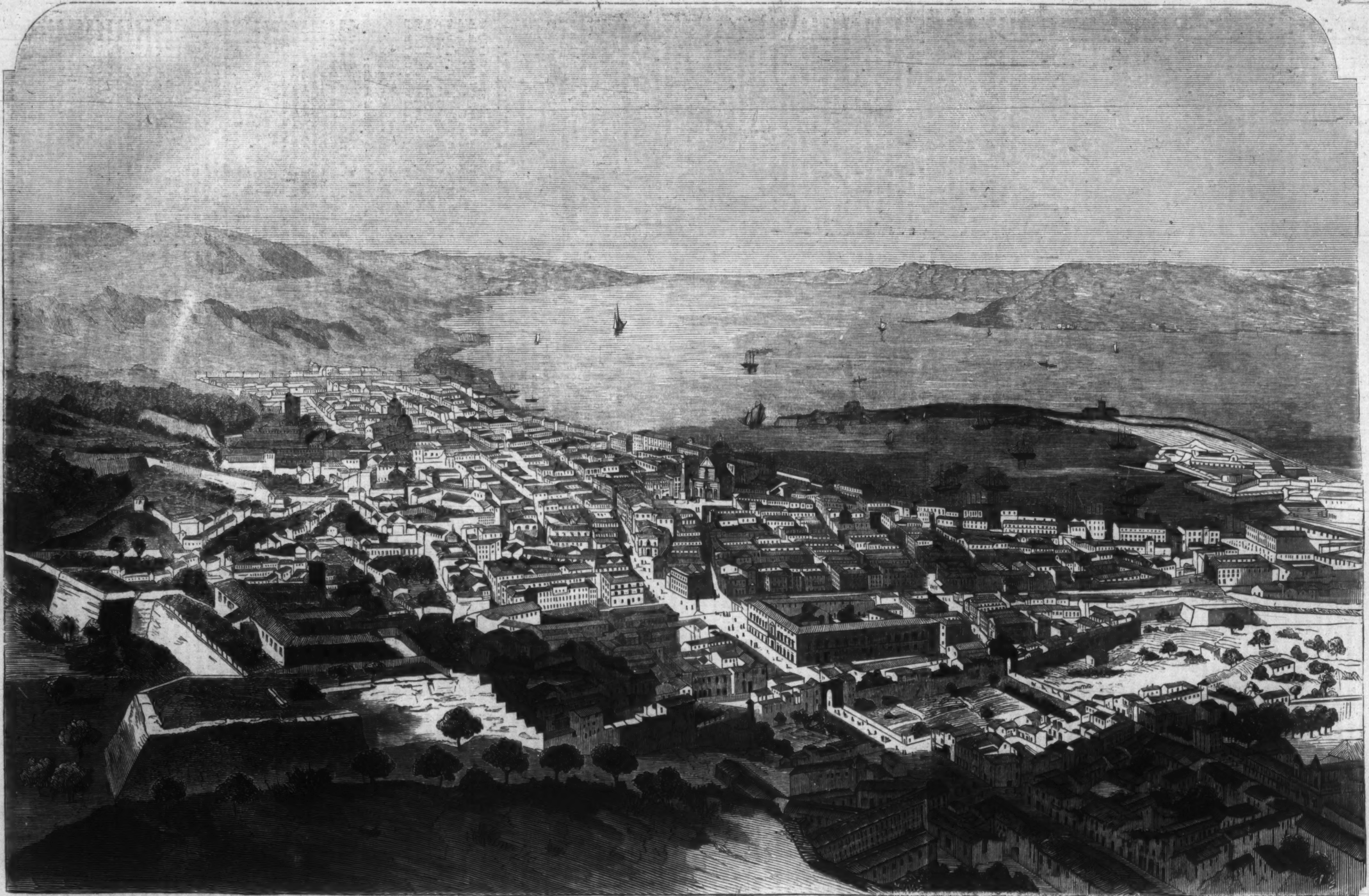
THE CITY OF MESSINA.

WE engrave on the following page the city of Messina, which is now the centre of interest in Italy. 'Tis a town of about 85,000 inhabitants, situate on the west side of a noble harbor; has, or used to have, a fine trade, and an active fishery. The view from the hills is very fine. It was from the point of view drawn in our picture that Goëthe looked down on the plain, and wrote the famous ballad—

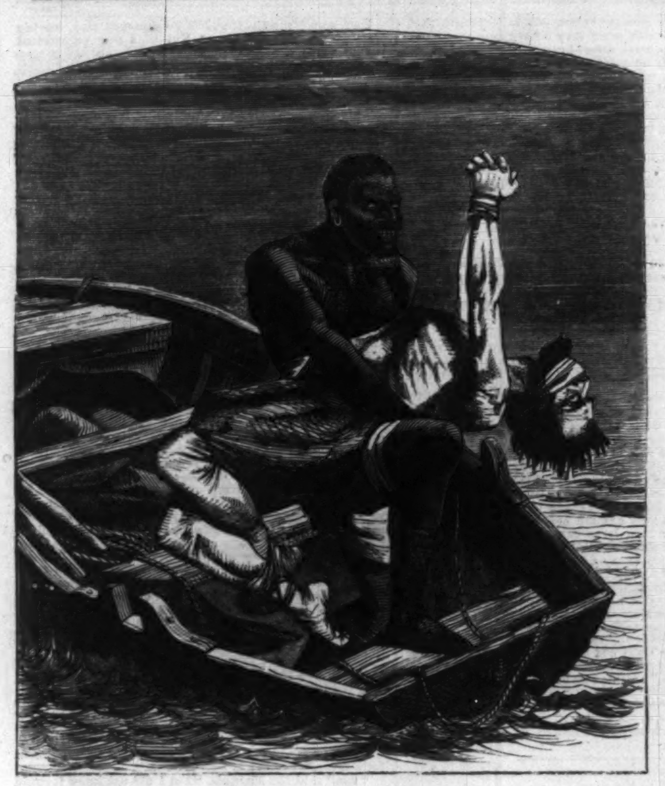
"Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühen."

A late traveler thus writes of Messina:

> "Messina is a lovely town, founded by Orion of the Belt, and once called Zancle, from the sickle which fell out of Ceres' hand and shaped its curved shores, whence rise its crescents of ivory dwellings, so bright they make even the deep-blue waters reflect clear white beneath them; behind, the stern heights of the Antenamare, or Eagle Mount, try to soften in the skies. That mountain is dangerous ground; two of our countrymen having been nearly robbed there by peasants they took for guides: the old Spanish fort is a safer climb, and commands a wondrous view, though Ætna is for the present hid by nearer hills.
>
> "Within, Messina, for a Sicilian town, is clean and handsome; cholera having given the inhabitants severe lessons upon the danger of their former filthy state. The Strada Ferdinando runs spaciously through its centre, with openings showing the theatre and other public buildings; midway is a new marble statue of the present king, just replaced upon the pedestal whence a facsimile had been wrenched by the Messinese in the last revolution, when, poor things! they fought so hard to get rid of the original. Fortunately, the lava pavement was dry, as it was mostly covered with showy dresses, handkerchiefs placed in folded triangles, and numberless trifles, which we have christened *animalculæ*, ready to be bought for Christmas presents. The other streets were built much in the same style on a smaller scale, quite new in appearance, and hardly one of the houses more than two stories high, in case of being shaken down at any moment. The Victoria, a good hotel, with fireplaces and table d'hôte, kept by Germans (of which there are an immense number of commercial travelers in the coast-towns of Sicily), is on the Marina or west-end of Messina, where the palaces of the rich merchants stand, overlooking the sea."



THE CITY OF MESSINA, SICILY.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]



THE BAIT FOR SHARKS.

THE NEGRO'S REVENGE.

[ANTONIO, *surnamed El Matador, a sea-captain, and in reality a pirate from the Spanish Main, having excited the admiration of a company of actors and actresses, in Italy, by a sudden passionate outburst, is requested by them to narrate a story, in order to elicit from him a specimen of his natural aptitude for the stage.*]

Antonio. The shark had followed us for a week. Night and day, day and night, his back-fin glistened in our wake—fifty fathom astern, it was always there. We had none sick on board; but we had been too long cruising in the tropics not to know that at least one of us would lose the number of his mess ere the creature parted company with the ship.

The weather being very sultry, the sailors became irritable, until if a man but chanced to look at another it gave offense, as if each thought his neighbor wished him to glut the monster's ravenous maw, and so solve the doom which threatened all alike. At length, on the seventh day, the third mate, a scowling Portingallo, quarreled with the black cook, Zanga, who, he swore, put cockroaches purposely in the dishes that underwent the sable preparation of his most greasy hands. Now this Zanga was a tall Ashantee, who had been a king in his native land—a laughing, merry-hearted fellow, but proud as the Prince of Darkness after his own fashion. I did not hear all that was said between them; but the negro turned the laugh against the Portingallo, who was jeered at for his unsavory complaint. That evening Zanga's son, a boy about twelve years old, a child in arms when his father was taken captive, was seen on the forecastle playing, as was his wont, with the captain's favorite blood-hound, which it was his sole charge to feed. It had fallen a dead calm, and the shark had come some twenty fathoms nearer, and its huge sides gleamed ghastly with phosphoric light. We had some thought of shooting at it with a falconet; but the captain was in a surly mood, and would brook no waste of powder to gratify our desire. The next day the boy was missing, and when we looked astern for the shark it was no longer there (*pauses*).

An Actress. Nay, continue, I pray you. Had the poor child fallen overboard?

Antonio. I kiss your fingers, Señorita. During the morning the dog became furious, and twice flew at the Portingallo's throat; so that we were forced to chain the animal to the capstan, being alarmed at his sudden frenzy. Had the Portingallo dared to brave the captain's wrath, he would have slain the hound with a boarding-pike as he lay there securely fastened, by turns growling and whining, his head couched motionless between his paws, his tail ever and anon beating the deck with quick, impatient knocks, and the fiery glitter of his deep-sunk, blood-shot eyes following every movement of him whom he had so strangely assailed. During the evening there was a hot and noisy altercation forward as to whether or not the dog had capsized the boy overboard in anger or boisterous sport. Some, among whom the Portingallo was most vehement, swore, with oaths and curses, that it was so. Two or three declared that the dog had been shut up aft in the sail-room a full hour before they last saw the missing lad busy with his fishing-lines close to the open port-hole of a culverin. As for Zanga, he spoke to none, answered none, and none cared to question his grief. Have any of you ever chanced to see a negro's face turn ashen pale—all the villainous ink of his complexion precipitated from the dry parchment of his skin by the deep inward chemistry of an agonizing breast? That night, about eight bells, being toward the end of the Portingallo's watch on deck, a cry from the still surface of the ocean, but a little way off, which seemed to vibrate through the ship's timbers, roused us from sleep. We tumbled up from our hammocks and looked anxiously around. Scarce a stone's-throw distant, on the starboard side, in the very track of the moonlight, we saw the jolly-boat adrift, and in it the gigantic figure of the negro stooping over something which lay prostrate at his feet. It was the Portingallo, naked to the waist, gagged, and bound hand and foot. As we gazed the negro attached a second rope to one of those by which the Portingallo was already fastened. In the thrilling light of the moonbeams every detail shone distinct and clear, as in the picture of a martyrdom lighted by a thousand tapers at high mass. (*Crosses himself.*) We shuddered as we saw the negro make this rope well fast, while the Portingallo lay writhing in the boat before him. We saw his white teeth glisten again as he grinned in his revenge, and the metallic shine of agony on the Portingallo's face, and the sweat pouring down him, and the wrinkled anguish of his brow, and the bristling of his hair in the extremity of his terror; and then, last of all, we heard the gentle plashing of the water as the boat swayed with their movement, and the fretting of the rope, and each touch of their naked limbs, and the gurgle in the victim's throat, and the breathing of the avenger and the doomed. Your stage-lamps, ladies, do not cast so fair and true a light as that beautiful tropic moonshine on the face. Then the negro carefully lifted his victim over the boat's side, payed out his rope, and paddled a little distance off. His purpose flashed simultaneously upon us. He was fishing with a human live-bait for sharks.

An Actor. Saints of mercy! And did none of you interfere?

Antonio. An Imperial lady at a bull-fight could not be more entranced than we were. Presently a dark shadow rose from the water near the boat, and then another, and another, until a dozen sharks, small and large, slowly moving their rudder-like tails, were poised in full sight beneath. When the Portingallo saw them he leaped half out of the water with a convulsive effort that nearly bent him double, as ye may have seen a fish on dry land jerk itself spasmodically toward ocean. The largest shark quickly turned over underneath; but Zanga twitched his line, and then a second and a third essayed to seize that living bait. Then the gag got loose, and the doomed man yelled to Heaven and to the ship for aid, and shrieked a brief and piteous tale, how the boy overbalanced, fell into the sea, and how but for the shark he would himself have saved him. But Zanga yelled with triumph, and they both yelled together, until you could scarcely distinguish between their cries, and untwist the sacred harmony of revenge from the howling discord of despair. Oh! revenge, I tell you, is the gift of the gods—the only joy that the grudging immortals freely share! So the black cried in his fury, and the white man in his agony, until the ship's crew suddenly found their sweet voices, and raised a chorus to them both; and the dog, who had got loose, bayed in fierce answer to all; and the sharks made a bubbling and commotion, that you would have thought hell itself had risen from the deep. But Zanga pulled his line no longer; and, like hounds in at the death, the sharks closed upon their prey, and the boat rocked to and fro, and the black danced, screeching and howling; and by the time we had lowered the gig and long-boat—both of which we found staved full of holes, as a woman's reputation when handled by a score of her own sex—we saw nothing save a few shivered planks, and a dark-red stain on the placid water, to tell us of the scene that had been there. Within an hour a breeze sprung up, within two it had freshened to a gale, within three we were scudding under bare poles. During four days the hurricane raged; on the fifth the ship struck, and foundered, and I alone escaped to tell the story of the Negro's Revenge. Methinks you look pale, ladies; there is nothing for the complexion, believe me, like sea-air.

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE SIR M. A. SHEE.

THE life of the late Sir Martin A. Shee, President of the Royal Academy, has just been written by his son; it contains some fair anecdotes.

Sir Martin's father was under medical treatment, in consequence of what appeared to be an ordinary inflammation of the eyes; his sight, however, had not been visibly impaired. On a certain day he had read the newspaper, had attended to his usual avocations, and was well enough to receive some intimate friends at dinner. While he sat at the head of his table, engaged in cheerful conversation with his guests, all around him became suddenly dark; the external world had vanished from his eyes instantaneously, and forever! His friends, surprised to see him abruptly start up from his chair, and leave the room with uncertain steps, remained for some minutes in perplexity as to the cause of his departure. At length, alarmed by the delay, one of the company ventured up stairs to inquire after him, and, on entering the drawing-room, discovered his unfortunate host on his knees, audibly engaged in fervent prayer, and expressing his Christian resignation to the Divine will, under the infliction of so severe a chastisement for the sins of his past life.

Among famous persons whose acquaintance Mr. Shee made in the height of his fame, he became intimate with a certain Mr. A——, ostensibly a wine-merchant, but in reality a money-lender to the Prince Regent, and keeper of a gambling-house, whose magnificent hospitality was only a blind for the more effective pursuit of his victims.

As a curious illustration of what the King's highway was like, even in the suburbs of the metropolis, in 1795, we may mention, too, his acquaintance with Mr. (afterward Sir William) Addington, chief magistrate of police in London. "One morning, while Mr. Addington was 'enthroned' in the 'great chair,' and Mr. Shee was busy with his pencil, the servant entered and informed the sitter that a person, whose name he mentioned, was in the outer room, and wished to see Mr. Addington immediately, on important business. The magistrate, evidently somewhat excited by the announcement, asked leave of Mr. Shee to have the visitor ushered into the painting-room; observing that it was one of his officers, who came to him by appointment, and who had a communication to make to him, which need not interrupt the sitting. The request being of course granted, the functionary in question was at once admitted, and, anticipating the magistrate's eager inquiry, exclaimed in a tone of great exultation, and rubbing his hands: 'I have done it, Sir!—shot him—shot him dead!—at four o'clock this morning!'—an announcement which was received by his chief with an exclamation of delight, and every appearance of the most lively satisfaction. After this little outburst of official hilarity, Mr. Addington, turning to Mr. Shee, who had witnessed the scene with some amazement, informed him that the individual who had been so summarily disposed of by the triumphant police constable was a certain notorious highwayman, whose depredations the magistrate had set his heart on effectually stopping, and whom he had recently taken measures to secure, dead or alive. It appeared that the unfortunate knight of the road had been, for several months past, infesting the localities of Wimbledon Common and Hounslow Heath, and levying abundant contributions upon sundry of his Majesty's lieges, who were adventurous enough to indulge in the dangerous practice of traveling post after nightfall. For a long time the police authorities had been on his track; but he had succeeded in eluding their vigilance. At length it was resolved to resort to stratagem for the purpose of securing him; and with the sanction of his chief, the intelligent official had, on the previous night—accompanied by another Bow Street officer of approved skill and nerve like himself, armed to the teeth—driven out in a post-chaise and four to the scene of the highwayman's most frequent exploits. After traversing in all directions the district which seemed most likely to attract his watchful attention, they were at length so fortunate as to fall in with him, while proceeding at a rapid pace across Wimbledon Common. Deceived by the style of the equipage, which he no doubt supposed to be conveying some traveler of importance, supplied with a [illegible]ll-filled purse, he boldly rode up to the carriag[illegible], as it approached, and called to the postilions to stop. As previously instructed, they promptly obeyed the peremptory order; and the robber presenting himself, pistol in hand, at the carriage window, encountered the muzzle of another pistol, pointed at his breast, and the next instant fell dead from his horse."

The celebrated Dean Kirwan, also, although, to use the characteristic language of the Irish newspaper which chronicled the event, he had "renounced the errors of the Church of Rome to embrace those of the Church of England," was a friend of Mr. Shee's, himself a Catholic. This reverend gentleman, while in the zenith of his fame as a Protestant preacher, was one day walking in Dublin, "when an old apple-woman, with a basket on her head, who was advancing toward him in the opposite direction, suddenly stopped right in front of him, and staring at him full in the face, while she stood with arms akimbo before him, so as to obstruct his direct progress, exclaimed, with a strong brogue, and in a tone of much compassion,

"'Och, thin, it's a great pity!'

"'What is a pity, my good woman?' asked the Dean, rather amused at the exclamation.

"'Sure it's a mighty great pity, jew'l!' reiterated the mysterious *fruitiere*.

"'What do you mean?' again inquired Dr. Kirwan. 'What is a pity, I say?'

"The woman looked at him steadfastly for a few seconds, and then slowly replied:

"'That you'll be d——d, and *you know you'll be d——d!*' and so saying she stepped aside and passed on."

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.
(HARRY GRINGO),
AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

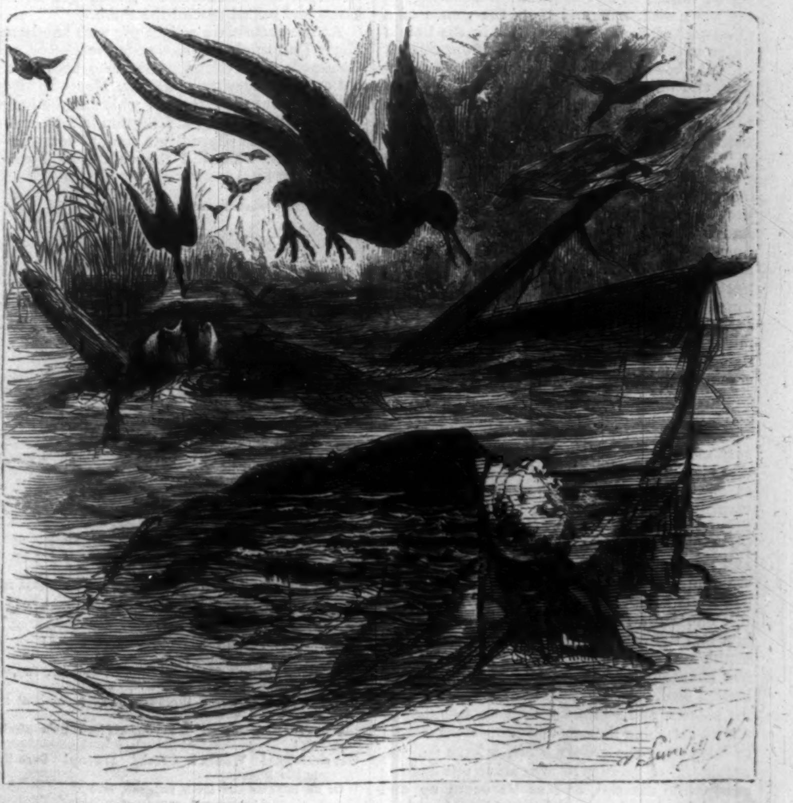
CHAPTER XXXVIII.

VULTURES AND SHARKS.

WHEN Hardy had concluded his part of the tale he stuck the stump of his cigar into the wine-glass of ashes, as if he had no further use for either, moistened his throat with a bumper of *tinta*, and almost unconsciously passed his left arm around Harry Darcantel's neck.

Stingo drank two bumpers, as if he had a particularly parched throat; but Paddy Burns and Tom Stewart, strange to relate! never wet their lips, and passed their hands in a careless way across their eyes, as if there were moisture enough there—as, indeed, there was; feeling, as they did, in the fonts of their own generous natures for their dear friend who sat opposite.

Piron's head rested, face downward, on his outspread hands, and a few drops trickled through his close-pressed fingers, but they were not wine. And as he raised his face and looked around the board, where glowing, sympathizing eyes met his, he said, in a low, subdued voice,



THE PRIEST AND HIS LAST SHIPMATES.

"I trust I may thank Heaven for avenging the murder of our child!"

Even as he uttered these words his gaze rested on the face of Darcantel; and striking the table with a blow that made the glasses jingle, he started back, as he had done on the frigate's quarter-deck, and exclaimed,

"Great God! can it be possible that that boy was saved from the clutches of the drowned Pirate?"

Not so fast, good Monsieur Piron! Not so fast.

"You shall hear more if you are not tired, gentlemen," resumed the Commodore, "though I have very little to add to what Hardy has already related of the *Centipede*. Steward, let the servants turn in; and brew us, yourself, a light jorum of Antigua punch! Now, then," said Commodore Cleveland, "I'm your man!

"After we had scaled the guns on both sides of the *Scourge*, as Hardy has told you, the Captain thought it an unnecessary trouble to lower the boats to pick up the chips floating about the mouth of the channel; and besides, it would have been a bit dangerous, since the sea was coming in savagely, boiling about the ship, with a very uncertain depth of water around and under us; and, moreover, we had our hands full the best part of the night in reeving new running-gear, bending a new sail or two that had flapped to pieces when every thing was let go by the run in coming to anchor. However, before morning we were in cruising trim once more, and ready to cut and run in case it was expedient to lose our ground-tackle, and get out of what we afterward learned was the Garote Gorge. But by sunrise the wind fell away into a flat calm, and with the exception of the long, triple row of rollers heaving in occasionally from seaward, we lay as snug and quiet as could be.

"After breakfast the quarter-boats were lowered, and Hardy took one and I got in the other, and we pulled in toward the jaws of the channel, between the Lion rock and the ledge on the opposite side.

"There were still a good many fragments of the wreck, which had escaped the reacting current and gone out to sea, floating about on the water; some of the timbers, too, of the hull were jammed in the black gums of the ledge, shrouded in sea-weed and kelp, as if all had grown there together. Farther on was part of the foremast and topmast swimming nearly in mid channel, anchored as it were by one of the shrouds—twisted, perhaps, around a sharp rock below. The topsail was still fast to the yards, hoisted and sheeted home, and laid in the water transversely to the masts, just as it fell under the raking fire of our first broadside, jerking over the main-topmast with it.

"A myriad of sea-birds, from Mother Carey's chickens to gulls and cormorants, and even vultures and eagles from the shore, were clustered on the wreck as thick as bees—screaming, croaking, and snapping at each other with their hard beaks and bills; while thousands more were hurrying in from seaward, and either swooped down over the ledge or tried to find a place on the floating spars.

"The gorge, too, was alive with barracoutas and sharks, leaping out of water, or with their still, triangular fins cutting just above the surface, and sometimes even grazing the blades of the cutter's oars. I pulled slowly toward the wreck of the foremast, and hooked on to the reef-cringle of the fore-topsail. The birds did not move at our approach; and one old, red-eyed vulture snapped on the polished bill of the boat-hook, and left the marks of his beak in the smooth iron. Down in the clear green depths, too, the water was alive with ravenous fish; and we could see, at times, hundreds of them with their heads fastened on to some dark object, rolling it, and biting it, and pulling every way; with, now and then, the glance of a clean-picked bone shining white in the limpid water as the mass was jerked out of our sight.

"The bowmen, however, attracted my attention, and one of them sung out, as he pointed with his finger, 'I say, Mr. Cleveland, here's the captain and his priest lying in the belly of the topsail!'

"I walked forward, while the men fired a few pistols to scare away the birds, and looked in. There, about a foot below the water, lay one drowned man and half the body of another, who had evidently been cut in twain, by a twenty-four-pound shot, at the stomach, leaving only a few revolting shreds of entrails dangling beneath the carcass. The other corpse was a large, burly, fat man, wrapped in a black cassock, with a knotted rope to confine it at the midriff, and around his thick bare neck was a string of black beads, holding a gold and ebony crucifix, pendent in the water. The eyes of the one with half a body had been picked out by the gulls, but he still possessed a fang-like tusk, sticking through a hare-lip under a fringe of wiry mustache, which gave me a tolerably correct idea of his temper even without seeing his eyes. The truck and shivered stump of the main-topmast, too, with the piratical flag still twisted around it, lay across his chest; but as we approached an eagle seized it in his beak, and tearing it in tattered shreds flew aloft, with the remains of the parted halliards streaming below his talons.

"The large lump rolling slowly over beside him had the crown of the head shaved, and the mouth and eyes were wide staring open, as if it was chanting forth a misericordia for his own blasted soul. As I stood gazing at these revolting objects, and while the men were firing pistols and slashing the oars and boat-hooks around to drive away the greedy birds, a huge pelican, unmindful of powder or ash, made one dashing swoop into the sail, and as he came up and spread his broad pinions—nearly as broad as the sail itself—he held in his pouch the crucifix from the Padre's neck, and as he slowly flapped his great wings and sailed away, with the beads dropping pit-a-pat-pat on the glassy surface of the water, a cloud of cormorants, gulls, and vultures took after him to steal his plunder.

"At the same time the sharks—many of them resting their cold, sharp noses on the very leech of the topsail—waiting like hungry dogs for a bone, with a thousand more diving and cutting in the water beneath, at last cut through the canvas belly of the sail, and before you could think the floating corpses were within their serrated jaws. In another moment the bodies rose again to the surface outside the sail and wreck; then another dash from the monsters and a greedy dive and peck from the birds; and then a few bubbles and shreds of black threads, and that was the last of those wretches until the sea shall give up its dead.

"As for Hardy, he pulled higher up the gorge, and examined the rocks and pools on both sides, but saw nothing living or dead, and we both returned to the ship."

Had Dick Hardy landed at the flat rock where the eddy swept in under the Lion's paws, he might have seen the footprint of a man, with a a straw slipper in it, and following the track a few yards further, he would have passed his sword through a villain lying bleeding in a mangrove thicket; and found too in his belt, snugly stowed away, a lot of gleaming jewels, with a sapphire gem of priceless value on the finger of his bloody hand. But never mind, Hardy! You will hear more of that man one of these days, and you will have no cause for regrets—though he will, perhaps; and, meanwhile, let him wander in quest of fresh villainies over Spanish South America.

"Well, gentlemen," resumed Commodore Cleveland, "although I have doubts whether the mangled carcass we saw in the sail was the captain of that notorious *Centipede*, yet I felt confident at the time, and do now, that it was scarcely possible for him or a man of his crew to have escaped our fire and the water and rocks combined. So that evening, when the land-wind made, we tripped anchor and sailed away from the Coast of Darien."

"Come, my friends," said Piron, in a low, tremulous voice, rising as he spoke, "we must not push Cleveland too far to-night, for it is getting late, you know, and they keep early hours on board men-of-war."

"No hurry, Piron! I'll talk to you all night, if you have the patience to listen to me. No? Then I'll have the boat manned." He touched a bell-rope which hung over his head, and the cabin door opened. "Orderly, my compliments to the officer of the watch, and desire him to call away the barge."

While some of the gentlemen in the forward cabin left the table, and stood about in groups chatting till the boat was reported, Piron put his arm around the Commodore's belt, and they moved aft into the starboard state-room. Little Mouse was lying sound asleep on the elegant cot, with all his clothes on, but with a smile on his lips, and dreaming, maybe, of the dear widowed mother he would one of those days make proud of him.

"Cleveland, my old friend, tell me more of that young Darcantel!"

"Hist! Piron; don't wake little Tiny! There's nothing to tell more than he is my adopted nephew and the son of the gentleman who occupies that state-room opposite. But when we go out to Escondido I'll tell you about his father, who has led a very adventurous life."

"Well, good-night! You will bring young Darcantel with you, and this little rogue too here in the cot. My wife and her sister will be delighted to see you all. Good-night!"

As the *Monongahela's* bell struck eight for midnight the Commodore's guests got in the barge and pulled toward the shore.

At the same time a light gig with handsome Harry Darcantel went alongside the *Rosalie*, and Commodore Cleveland turned into his friend's cot opposite, leaving small Mr. Mouse to sleep his dream out till morning; while, as the barge ran up to the landing at Kingston harbor, and a gold ounce was slipped into the old coxswain's honest paw, what did they all think about? Good-night!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE BOYS OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

"There have been considerable disturbances among the Irish papal recruits at Macerata, in which shillalahs were freely used; and the police, who interfered, were severely beaten."—*Our own Correspondent from Rome.*

WID a stick in my fist, an' a pipe in my cheek,
  Holy Father, I'm come to resthore ye:
But bad cess to yer pay—sure what's four-pince a day,
  And divil a more—barrin' glory!
Thim Croats and Hungarians, and Swiss and Bavarians,
  Slaves and naygurs is easily made, oh!
But the differ we'll tache, if such dochtrine you prache
  Us Boys of the Irish Brigade, oh!

Our Clargy they promised us iligant fare,
  Hoigth of pratees and lashins ov whisky;
But dirty *polenta* and sour *ordinaire*
  Sure'll niver keep boys bright and frisky,
And a clane lock o' hay I'd prefer, any day,
  To the feather-beds here for us laid, oh!
Where there's no sleep for catchin' thim fleas that sets scratchin'
  The Boys of the Irish Brigade, oh!

As for faction, fair, patthern—the divil a one!
  I'd as lave be a Turk or Circarsian;
As shut up here at dhrill, wid no fightin' nor fun,
  Till blue-moulded for want o' divarsion.
On my coat-tails who'll thread? Thry a crack at my head?
  Whoo! Ned Joyce! is't yourself? Who's afraid, oh!
Out shillalahs! Whack! Crack! Whoop! Sure this is the knack
  Of us Boys of the Irish Brigade, oh!

"That's my business," as the butcher said to the dog that was killing his sheep.

A SERVANT ON SPIRITUALISM.—It is fortunate that rapping spirits, which seem very tricksy beings, do not seem to be able to move street-knockers. Otherwise we should continually be going to answer a rap at the door, and coming back, saying, "Please 'm only a ghost."

THE PRACTICAL HOUSEWIFE.—"Sir," said, speaking of his wife, the husband of a lady whose mind was exclusively devoted to domestic affairs—"Sir, she would have made a dumpling of the apple which revealed the law of gravitation to Newton."

A coxcomb, talking of the transmigration of souls, said: "In the time of Moses I have no doubt I was a golden calf."

"Very likely," replied a lady. "Time has robbed you of nothing but the gilding."

"Mr. Smith, you said you suspected the prisoner was a rogue the moment you saw him. Why did you suspect him?"

"Becos 'e 'ired my rooms without beatin' down the price."

"Is this a rule without many exceptions?"

"Hit's a rule vithout no hexceptions, yer vorship; 'onest men are halways stingy, and never satisfied hunless they get a shilling's worth of any thing for tenpence."

Sir Harry Moncrieff, who was present at the marriage of Lord Meadowbank, told, as illustrative of his love of study, that the knot was tied about seven in the evening, and that at a later hour the bridegroom disappeared, and, on being sought for, was found absorbed in the composition of an essay on "Pains and Penalties."

Lord M——, with no very large portion of either wit or wisdom, had a very exalted opinion of his own powers. When once in a large company, and expatiating about himself, he made the following pointed remark:

"When I happen to say a foolish thing I always burst out a laughing!"

"I envy your happiness, my lord, then," said Charles Townsend; "for you must certainly live the merriest life of any man in Europe."

"Good news, Behloul," said the Grand Vizier to a wit of Bassora, "the Calif has appointed you governor of all the apes in his dominions."

"Prepare, then," rejoined Behloul, "to obey my commands."

Whatever is done skillfully appears to be done with ease; and art, when once matured to habit, vanishes from observation.

The wicked are always surprised to see talent and ingenuity combined in the good.

Pass through a crowd of boys busy with their fire-crackers, and you will see how much more fond each lad is of his own particular noise than of that of his companions. The same thing may be observed among public speakers and private talkers.

Only what the mind drinks in with eagerness becomes thoroughly its own.

What is true as to the external and interior phenomena of our globe is also frequently true as to character—that the extreme coldness upon the surface may exist in connection with great internal heat.

The extreme pleasure we take in talking of ourselves should make us fear that we give very little to those who listen to us.

It is with charity as with money—the more we stand in need of it the less we have to give away.

Discontent will live and be vigorous on such slender diet that it is next to impossible to starve it to death, when it has once been brought into existence.

The Pekin *Visitor* says: "Coming home, a few mornings since, we met a man attempting to walk on both sides of the street. By a skillful manœuvre we passed between him."

A gentleman, having to pass through a river which he supposed deep, bid his servant to go before him. But he, to show his good breeding, replied, "I will never be guilty of such ill manners. Pray, Sir, do you cross first, and I will follow."

Tom, during his last tour to Niagara, in company with Smash, saw an Indian hewing a small piece of timber, with a view to making canes.

"Pray, Sir," said Smash, "to what tribe do you belong?"

"The Chip-a-way tribe," replied the Indian, without looking up to give his interrogator one smile.

A young lady has discovered the reason why married men, from the age of thirty years and upward, are more or less bald. They scratch the hair off in dismay at their wives' long milliners' bills! Yes, it is certain. You have all observed that when a gentleman is examining a "little account" he always scratches his head; and the longer the bill the harder he scratches.

A Volunteer Rifle captain, desiring to cross a field with his company, came to an opening in the fence large enough to admit two persons, but no more, to pass abreast. Unfortunately he could not remember the words of command which would have accomplished the difficult task of filing through; but his ingenuity did not desert him, and therefore he ordered a halt, and then said—"Gentlemen, you are dismissed for one minute, when you will fall in on t'other side of the fence."

An Irishman, entering the fair at Ballinagone, saw the well-defined form of a large round head bulging out of the canvas of a tent. The temptation was irresistible; up went his shillalah—down went the man. Forth rushed from the tent a host of angry fellows to avenge the onslaught. Judge of their astonishment when they found the assailant to be one of their own faction. "Och! Nicholas," said they, "and did ye not know it was Brady O'Brien ye hit?"—"Troth, did I not," says he; "bad luck to me for that same; but sure if my own father had been there, and his head looking so nice and convanient, I could not have helped myself."

A popular preacher, who, like Orator Henley of old, does not object to the introduction of a joke in his sermons, does not confine his *bon mots* to the pulpit. At a meeting of his supporters in behalf of the building of a new chapel, the list of contributors being read over, there appeared successively the names of "Duke, Knight, and King," the latter down for five shillings. "Dear me!" exclaimed the preacher, "we have got into grand company—a duke, a knight, and a *King too!*—and the King has actually given his crown!—what a liberal monarch!" Directly after a "Mr. Pig" was called out as having given a guinea. "That," said the clerical punster, "is a guinea pig."

A story, which went the round of Oxford "high tables" a few years since, relates how a poor woman, having lost her husband, requested the "parson" to preach the usual *éloge*. He kindly expressed his consent, adding that his charge was two guineas. "Oh, your reverence!" was the answer, "I be a poor widow woman, and can not spare so much money."—"Well," said the parson, "it is contrary to my usual rule to take less, but I don't mind obliging an old parishioner in trouble; and so will say only one guinea."—"Oh, Sir; but the good man has left me next to nothing, and there will be his funeral to pay for, and what not, and sure, too, you'll be having the burial fees. Can't you then do it for ten shillings?"—"Yes, I'll do it," was the angry reply; "but it will be the greatest stuff you ever heard."

Many beautiful women when walking in the streets seem very angry if they are gazed at, and sadly disappointed if they are not.

DAY AND NIGHT.—A widow lady named Day, having married a gentleman named Knight, a wag perpetrated the following parody at their expense:

"'I've lost a Day, the widow sadly cried—
So took a Knight to comfort her bedside."

There are some men so rascally that it is only the fear of showing them our pockets that prevents us from turning our backs upon them.

Thomas Hood once admonished a gossiping Christian to beware lest her piety should prove, after all, to be nothing better than Mag-piety.

Jeremy Taylor says that "a good wife should be a looking-glass to her husband." But we think she might and should make him see in her something better than himself.

A lawyer engaged in a case tormented a witness so much with questions that the poor fellow at last cried for water. "There," said the judge, "I thought you'd pump him dry!"

A young fellow having been charged with getting drunk the night before, and wishing to justify himself, declared that he never was drunk, nor never meant to be, for it always made him feel so bad the next morning.

"Will you have cat-sup?" asked a pedantic gentleman of Aunt Priscilla, at a dinner-table. "Dear me, no!" she replied, with a shudder. "I'm fond of cats in their places, but I should as soon think of eating dog-soup."

A doctor and a military officer became enamored of the same lady. A friend asked her which of the two suitors she intended to favor. She replied that "it was difficult for her to determine, as they were such killing creatures."

Smith had quite a small nose, and was cross-eyed, while Jones had a very large nose. Meeting one day, Jones, after looking with a comical expression at Smith, remarked,

"Lucky for you, Smith, that you're cross-eyed; for if you wa'n't, you never could see your nose."

"Lucky for you, Jones," instantly retorted Smith, "that you're not cross-eyed; for if you were, you never could see any thing but your nose."

The wealthy Marquis de Aligre, who died some time ago, was so parsimonious that, seeing his servant one day with a smart-looking hat, he reprimanded him for his extravagance.

"But it is the old hat you gave me; I had it ironed for a franc."

"Ah," said the Marquis, "but I did not know it could be restored. Here is the franc you paid—I will take the hat," and he forthwith transferred the renovated beaver to his own head.

Two legislators were recently conversing upon the subject of voting, when one of them inquired,

"Well, now, but what is a man to do when he don't know any thing about a matter?"

"Well," replied the other, "I have got two rules about that; when any thing comes up, I keep my eyes open, and vote as somebody else does whom I believe to be honest, or else I vote against it. I believe, as a general thing, the safest way is to vote against every thing."

A good story is told of an old usurer who went one day to visit a former borrower, who had since fortunately grown from poverty to independence. They went into the garden. Passing along a walk flanked on either side with flowers of great beauty and variety, the visitor made no remark until he came to a potato patch, when he exclaimed,

"My friend, you'll have a fine crop of potatoes there!"

"That's just like you," said the proprietor. "When gentlemen and ladies pass through my garden they look at the flowers; but when a hog comes in, all he can see is potatoes!"

A Paris correspondent relates the following: "I heard an amusing anecdote the other day, illustrative of French incompetency to master any foreign language. A young married lady, wedded to a German or a Dutchman, was making purchases in the Chaussée d'Antin. At length she desired the things purchased might be sent to her address.

"'And your name, ma'am?'

"'Really, Sir, I am not acquainted with my name; I was the Princess Tremouille, and I have married the Baron—Tenter—Tenter— If you will call my servant, who is at the door, I think he knows.'"

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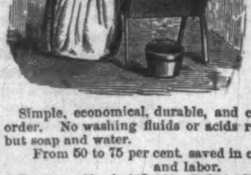

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